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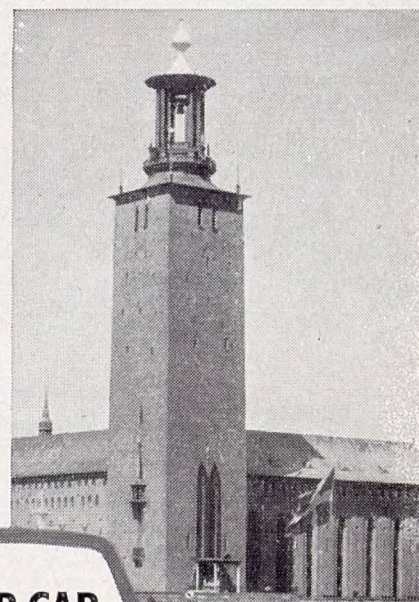
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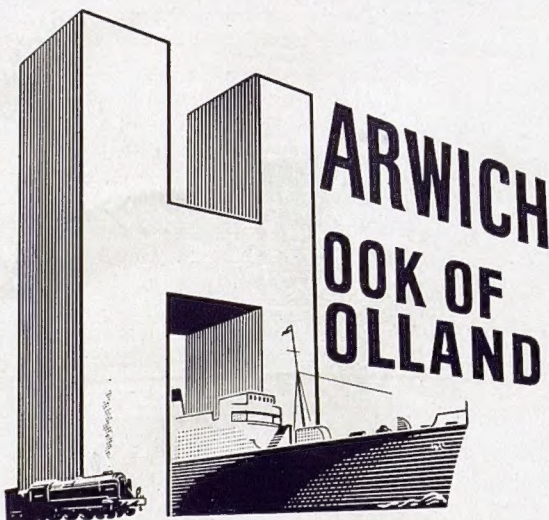
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WHERE *to go* ... WHAT *to see*

Planning your programme

Read before you roam

by John Mann

HAPPY coincidence often looks like cunning calculation. This Travel Number, for example, receives (and herewith gives) support in an esteemed literary quarter. The National Book League today opens a **travel book exhibition** in the Stallybrass Galleries at its headquarters, 7 Albemarle Street (to 10 February). Most of the exhibits are guide books, in much wider variety than most tourists imagine to exist. There are also maps for the freebooters bent on looting every available bit of scenery, and phrase books for the blushing tyros who are apt to stay frozen to foreign pavements if they can't think of a word. Admission to this useful show is free.

On Saturday the 12-bores return to the gunroom and fishing tackle takes their place. This is the date when pheasant and partridge shooting ends, and salmon fishing (in England and Wales) begins. In Scotland on Monday an event of interest to epicures as well as stock-breeders begins, the four-day **Aberdeen Angus Show** and sale of cattle at Perth. The words "Aberdeen Angus" now assume the same quality of incantation in the grillroom as "Rolls-Royce" on the road. I expect the hyphen to be bestowed at any moment.

First big cinema to go up in central London for 20 years, the Columbia in Shaftesbury Avenue, opens on 4 February, when *Gigi* has its première before an invited audience. This musical, with Cecil Beaton dresses and décor, and melody by Lerner and Loewe (the *My Fair Lady* team) has had a *succès d'estime* before ever hitting the screen. A visit will be required entertainment if you want to keep in the swim.

Today the **Furniture Exhibition** opens at Earls Court (to 7 February). This used to be a rather depressing veneer and varnish affair, heavily overstuffed with three-piece suites of venerable design. But in recent years all has changed. The bright young men of the industry have cut their way through the aspidistra jungle and the show, with its trends, is now an accepted subject of discussion in lofty critical circles.

The Burns bicentenary celebrations overlap those of another Scotsman, Charles I, this week. On Friday there is a ceremony at Charles's statue in Whitehall, and services

at St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Mary Alder-mansbury. King Charles may have been an equivocal figure in life, but his fate has made him enormously popular with almost everybody. This is partly romanticism, and partly a tribute to the obstinacy we should all like to exhibit, carried to its logical end. So I hope there will be a big enough congregation in Whitehall to stop the traffic.

Are you a *Spazialiste*? This splendid bandwagon word occurs in the description of a show of Italian paintings at the Institute of Contemporary Arts which is open until 7 February at 17-18 Dover Street. **Spazialismo** is said to be a movement in which something of the spirit of Italian futurism is revived in an atomic setting. Lucio Fontana, the group's founder (better known for his ceramics) is one of the artists represented. Opportunity should also be taken to visit the Graham Sutherland collection at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery in nearby Davies Street (until 6 February). This is a fascinating panorama of the artist's development over 20 years.

Covent Garden is reviving *Salome*, based on Oscar Wilde's play, tonight after a three year's rest, with further performances on Saturday and Wednesday, 4 February. But in spite of the exciting shade of the Lord Chamberlain (like Pepper's ghost) in the cast, tomorrow night's *Aida* has a big lead over it in public appreciation. This opera, according to Covent Garden's first annual report, is the most popular operatic work of all with Britons, for it draws an average paying audience of 92 per cent, a truly astounding figure.

Diary Dates

Jan. 30. Hunt balls: Bicester & Warden Hill at Kirtlington Park; V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) at Bingham Hall, Cirencester; Garth, at Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.

Feb. 2. Royal Film Performance, *The Horse's Mouth*, Empire Cinema, Leicester Square.

Feb. 4. Winter Ball at the Dorchester (Lady Dorothy Macmillan, president).

Feb. 6. Hunt Balls: Vine, at the Corn Exchange, Newbury; Garth, at Tyringham House, Bucks.

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Living For Pleasure (Garriek Theatre). "A good revue. Miss Dora Bryan... brings home the laughter."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Big Country. "Spacious and splendid. ... Mr. William Wyler directs with a great feeling for the wide open spaces."

Auntie Mame. "Miss Rosalind Russell's dazzling performance ... I was wholly enchanted."

The Reluctant Débutante. "Lacks nothing in the way of sparkle. ... I think you will enjoy this fragile but scintillating picture."

The Young Have No Time. "It is clear ... Danish teenagers are as much of a problem to their parents as our own are ... an understanding film."

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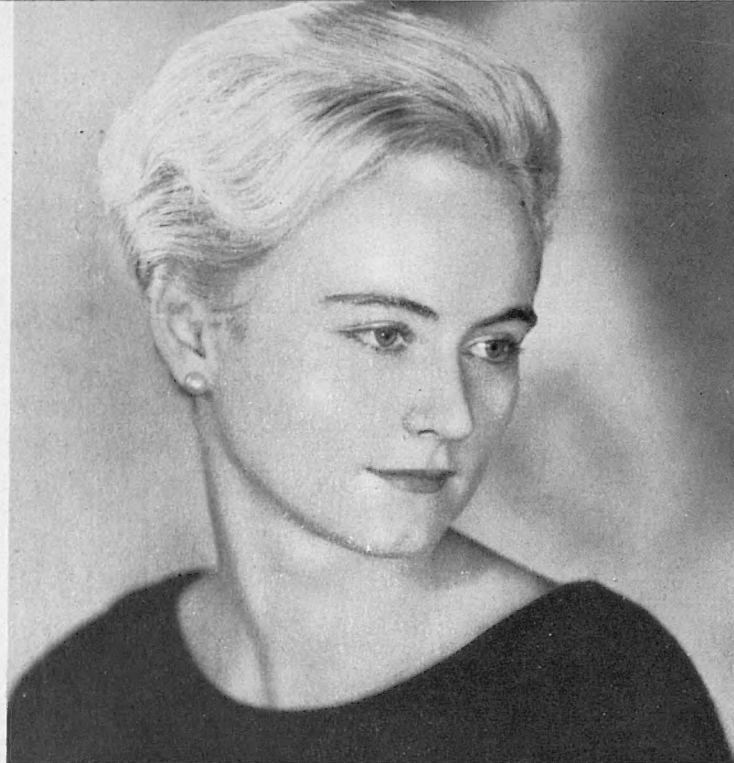
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Engagements



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Miss Elizabeth Brown to Mr. Anthony Ruddie: She is the daughter of Air Vice-Marshal & Mrs. C. P. Brown, Linksway, West Byfleet, Surrey. He is the son of Sir Kenneth & Lady Ruddie, Harewood House, Langham, Rutland



Miss Susan Picton Evans to Mr. Peter J. M. Patten: She is the youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. L. Picton Evans, Meadowside, Chorley Wood, Hertfordshire. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. Mark Patten, Hillbrow, Chorley Wood



Miss Vivienne More to Mr. Graham Kennedy: She is the daughter of Mrs. G. L. Hankey, Sturdee Av., Johannesburg, and Mr. T. V. More, Claremont, Cape Town. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. N. Kennedy, Johannesburg, and Kingston House South, London, S.W.7



Miss Valerie Urquhart to Capt. David Ransley, R.A.: She is the younger daughter of Mrs. & the late Mr. W. H. W. Urquhart, Cheltenham Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. B. Ransley, The Bridge Cottage, Barham, Kent



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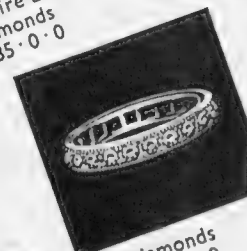
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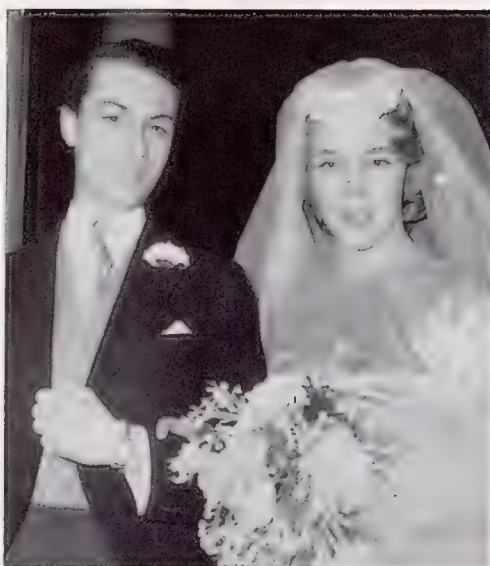
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SOCIAL JOURNAL

St. Moritz cheers the R.A.F.'s Cresta win

by JENNIFER



Vol. CCXXXI No. 3003

28 January 1959

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AT ST. MORITZ, always the sunniest and gayest resort in Switzerland, I found sunshine at last. Ski-ing conditions were perfect and everyone was in the happiest mood. I shall be writing more about social life here next week, as space does not permit it now, besides the account of the Inter-Services Championship on the Cresta run.

Racing took place from Junction on two consecutive mornings with an 8.30 a.m. start. The Prince Philip Trophy (kindly presented by the Duke of Edinburgh) for the Service team went to the R.A.F. who in 1958 were beaten by the Army team by half a second. This year they won convincingly with the Royal Navy second and the Army third. F/Lt. Colin Mitchell was the outstanding rider and besides putting his team ahead, did the fastest time of 44.9 seconds to win the Lord Trenchard trophy for the best individual timings (for the sixth year running), also the Auty Cup for the fastest single run.

Bad luck takes a hand

The Royal Navy team were dogged by bad luck. Not only did they lose promising riders owing to falls and injuries in the practice runs (like the Army team they lost two of their six riders by falls on the first morning, including Cdr. R. Balfour who in a spill at Carybidis fractured his arm, bringing them down to the minimum of four riders), but their skipper, the Hon. Mark Tennyson was suffering from influenza and unable to ride.

Among those who took part besides Colin Mitchell were F/Lt. D. E. Knight who skippered the R.A.F. team, Air Vice-Marshal

R. Ramsay Rae and F/O. G. Richardson. The Royal Navy riders were Cdr. David Loram, a consistent rider (he was, incidentally, on his honeymoon), Cdr. Graham Mann, well-known in sailing circles, who joined the Shuttlecock Club this year by going over the top at this famous corner on one of the practice runs, Lt. Tony Claridge who was riding well and finished second in the Trenchard Trophy, and Lt. G. Hitchens.

Skipper was a gunner

The Army were skippered by Capt. Dick Daniels, R.A., and in his team were Mr. Ranulf Rayner who is in the 9th Lancers and is a promising rider, Mr. D. E. Canterbury, R.A., and Mr. P. J. Hughes-Reckitt, 10th Hussars. The Harland Trophy for Reserves, Territorials and Auxiliary forces was won by the Hon. Christopher Bathurst who is riding extremely well this year and on one run did 45.9 seconds. His younger brother the Hon. David Bathurst finished fourth in the race.

Others competing included F/Lt. L. L. Cumming who was second, Capt. J. A. Moreton, 9th Lancers third, and Major Tony Aylmer, K.D.G.s, a former captain of the Army team who had the bad luck to go over the top on Shuttlecock. It was his first fall on the run in five years. The standard of riding among the Services has improved tremendously and was high. Next year it is hoped to hold these races a little later in the season and from Top, which makes it a much stiffer course.

That great character of the Cresta Mr. Fairchild Macarthy was running everything with his usual efficiency from the control box.

Other People's Babies

VICTORIA (four), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Hore, of Petersham Hollow, Petersham, Surrey



Jonathan Russell



A. V. Swæbe

JANET (five) and KATHERINE (one). They are the children of Mr. Graham Schofield & Dr. Anne Schofield, of Glasgow



The Earl of Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty, was up there early each morning watching the racing, as was Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing then Under-Secretary for Air (now Parliamentary & Financial Secretary at the Admiralty) and Viscount Bledisloe, who during the week was elected president of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club which runs the Cresta.

A veteran "test pilot"

Viscount Bledisloe has ridden on the Cresta since the 1920s, winning the Curzon Cup, Bacon Speed Cup (three times) and several other trophies. He is still riding and this season was trying out a new British-made skeleton. His two sons, Christopher and David Bathurst, whom he taught to ride, must have made him proud by the way they rode this season.

The Countess of Selkirk was watching the racing, also Viscountess Bledisloe, Lady Boyle, wife of Air Marshal Sir Dermot Boyle (who presented the trophies at the prize-

giving), and Lt.-Col. Robert Readhead, hon. secretary since its foundation in 1949 of the Combined Services Sports Association. This is run on non-profit making lines to give serving officers and other ranks of all three Services the opportunity of a pleasant winter sports holiday within reach of their pockets. In addition to the main arrangement at St. Moritz, which includes free ski-school and ski-lifts, also reductions on the Cresta run and skating rinks, members can take advantage of reduced rates negotiated for them and their families by the R.N. Ski and Mountaineering Club, the Army Ski Association, and the R.A.F. Ski and Winter Sports Association at 12 other centres in the Alps.

Other Cresta personalities present were Mr. Harry Hays Morgan, an honorary life president, who began riding the Cresta in 1924; Mr. & Mrs. Henry Martineau, U.S. General L. C. Ames (whom I watched go down the run twice), Mr. Robin McAlpine who was riding again after a break of 12 years, Major Richard Birchenough, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon and the ever-

speedy Nino von Bibbia whom I watched go down in 45.3 seconds. He won the Heaton Cup just after I left.

A horse show in the snow

Another sporting event in St. Moritz that week was the four-day horse show on an outdoor snow-covered showground, the first ever to be held in St. Moritz. The obstacles (many of them resembling those of the B.S.J.A.) included a brick wall, triple bar, gates, posts and rails and a "St. Moritz Snow Talu" which reminded me of a double Irish bank made in snow. There was a big crowd when I was there on the first day, to see some of the best Swiss-trained show jumpers and international riders, including Oberstlt. Arnold Mettler of St. Gallen, well-known at all Continental horse shows, Oblt. Beat Stoffel, also of St. Gallen, a clever young rider whose family have been successful at Continental shows for many years, and Herr W. Weber of Zürich who won the first event.

THE HON. GERARD NOEL (*three*), LADY CELESTRIA NOEL (*seven*), LADY MARIA (*eight*), VISCOUNT CAMPDEN (*nine*), LADY JULIANA (*10*), and the HON. THOMAS NOEL (*10 months*) with their mother, the Countess of Gainsborough. They live at Eton Park, Oakham



LORD CHARLES (2½ years), the son of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Heald, Montagu Square, W.1

Zermatt grows up

Last week I wrote about the successful British ski-racing week in Zermatt, where I had not been for eight years. I found a big change in the place; it had grown in every way. Up in the mountains there are new chair-lifts, ski-lifts and aerial cableways opening up many new and wonderful runs. Ski-ing is at its best here later in the season, and Zermatt is a paradise for spring ski-ing. In fact you can enjoy the sport here until the end of May, so that Easter holidays can now be considered for a ski-ing holiday instead of (or in addition to) the Christmas holidays.

The village High Street of Zermatt has grown and is now full of modern shops, among them a drug store, as up-to-date as any in the U.S. Horse-drawn sleighs with their bells jingling go up and down, but happily there are no cars. Many of the big hotels in Zermatt have been enlarged. The biggest is the Zermatterhof, and next the Mont Cervin, which now has a wing known as the Margherita and an annexe across the

road with 15 modern bedrooms and bathrooms known as the Seilerhouse. The Mont Cervin is run with close personal care by Mr. Bernard Seiler who is in charge of the five Seiler hotels here. There are also the Schweizerhof, the National-Bellevue and several others.

After-ski amusements

For tea most people still foregather at the Alpina (the patisseries here put inches on your waistline), or the Walliserhof where there is music. After dark you gather for a gay evening either at the Zermatterhof or Mont Cervin where there is always a good band, or at the Walliserhof, the National-Bellevue, Schweizerhof or Pollux where they have fondue parties. Whatever your choice, you find laughter, gaiety and music awaiting you.

I lunched at the Hotel Christiania, a popular rendezvous for skiers (who get a big welcome from M. Franzen-Kummer) as it is adjacent to the chair lift up to Sunnegga.

The parson's busy morning

On the Sunday I went to the British church where the walls bear several plaques in memory of those who lost their lives climbing the Matterhorn; I noticed none for ski-ing victims. In spite of the large number of British staying out here I was distressed to see the congregation numbered only a dozen.

The parson was a good all-rounder. As one entered he was tugging a rope which rang the single church bell, then he stopped for a moment to hand out prayer books. Bell-ringing over, he went into the vestry, donned his surplice, reappeared and announced that the service would begin with a hymn, for which he sat down and played the organ and sang to lead the congregation. At the end of a sincere and simple service he delivered an excellent sermon, then again played the organ for the last hymn.

Ski-ing's top executives

Air Chief Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph Cochrane, president of the Ski Club of Great Britain, was in Zermatt for the opening of the race week, but then went on to Adelboden for the Junior Championships. Sir Arnold Lunn got out in time for the Duke of Kent Cup on the final day. Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., chairman of the racing committee of the S.C.G.B., was there the whole week and Lady Taylor was out there with their enchanting family of four who all ski; Max, who is up at Cambridge, Alex who has just left Eton where he was captain of the Field and first choice for the Wall Game (both raced in the British championships), Jonathan, also at Eton, who raced over at Adelboden in the Junior Championship, and Jasmine who is nine years old.

I also met Lady Rayner whose two younger sons, Andrew & Nicholas, were both competing in the races, and Mr. Edmund Skepper, father of those two fine skiers Edmund and Robert the Cambridge captain, and himself much in demand as a curler both in Zermatt and Gstaad where he "skips" the side. Also Mrs. Frank Byers, Air Commodore Hill, a charming personality (I was interested to learn he was the

original hero of the book *The Road To Endor*), and Air Vice-Marshal Worrall, chairman of the R.A.F. Ski and Winter Sports Association. This is a live organization which he told me exists primarily to raise and train an R.A.F. representative team both for ski-ing and Cresta riding. It is their fourth year at Zermatt and by the end of the season they will have brought more than 900 out here, in eight fortnightly parties.

Others on the slopes

Others enjoying the wonderful ski-ing and unsophisticated gaiety of Zermatt included Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor the efficient chairman of the organizing committee of the British race week, and his pretty auburn-haired wife (whose ski-ing was improving daily), Mrs. Nicholas Pease also ski-ing energetically daily until she twisted her ankle, Mr. Charles Pretzlik and his lovely wife, who skis very well, the Hon. Richard Greville and Mr. & Mrs. Bill Clegg out from Bembridge with their young son William, another promising performer on the slopes.

Also there were Col. & Mrs. "Bunny" Nugent Head, over from New York, and their son Barry who skis well, Mr. Christopher Gladstone and Mr. Ian McLeod, who were awarded their British National colours at the end of the week, and the former his Gold K., Miss Mary-Anne Berry, Miss Julia Williamson, Mr. Simon Elliot and Mr. Colin Slater and his pretty sister Christa, who made her début last season.

Cocktails to (Swiss) music

When in Gstaad recently I went over to a ski-club cocktail party at Saanemoser, a charming and unsophisticated village slightly higher than Gstaad with excellent ski-ing. The party took place at the Sporthotel where the guests are made extremely comfortable by Herr Franz Wehren and his wife, a fact that is proved by the number of visitors I met who come here year after year. Among these were Mrs. Ross Maclean, wife of the President of the Scottish Ski Club, who has been here with her family since 1937, that personality of Norwegian shipping Mr. Roald Nerdrum and his wife and children, who live in London and have come out to stay here each year since the war, and Mrs. Mary Garnett who has come here for many seasons. Her daughter Sarah (now Mrs. Mark Jeffreys) was before her marriage at 18 one of our most promising young skiers, and began learning the sport here.

At this cheerful party, where Swiss musicians played continuously, I also met Mr. Henry Hohler, the British Minister in Rome, & Mrs. Hohler, Sir Wavell & Lady Wakefield, whose daughter Mrs. Raynsford was, as S.C.G.B. representative, the charming hostess, and Lady Jean Fforde whose 10-year-old son Charles was having his first season ski-ing.

Others at the party included Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Pat Reid (he wrote the successful book and film *The Colditz Story*), Mr. & Mrs. Muntz, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune and Miss Elizabeth Fulton, who had come over from Gstaad, Miss Susan Martin and her parents, and Miss Diana Tubbs, who was helping Mrs. Raynsford look after the guests.

THE YOUNG IDEA *of a party*

Mrs. John Leberne
with her daughter
Amanda at the
N.S.P.C.C. party held
at the Hyde Park Hotel



FOR THE LEAGUE OF PITY

Amanda and Timothy
Forbes (their father is a
director of an import and
export firm)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL



Atalanta Foxwell, daughter
of Mr. Ivan & Lady
Edith Foxwell



Eugenie & Lisa are the
daughters of Mr. G. Trypanis
(an associate of Mr. Niarchos)



Charles Russell, only son
of Sir Charles
& Lady Russell

FOR THE INVALID CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY



Nicholas Byass (his father is a
director of Gonzalez Byass)
with Michael Covel



Edward Glover (his father is
a director of an oil company)
and Judith Rose

Dancing instructress Miss Jane
Cornall with the fairies in the
display at the Savoy party



FOR THE SUNSHINE HOMES

Photograph by Van Hallan
Thrills and fascination for children at the Hyde Park Hotel
party for the Sunshine Homes as clown Jimmy
Scott does his balancing act with a chair

**Mr. John Charkham, the
bridegroom's elder brother**



**Major & Mrs. F. A. Johnson, the
bride's grandparents. Major
Johnson gave the bride away**



**The bride and bridegroom.
They were married at
Caxton Hall**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL

**Below: Mrs. Harold Johnson (the
bride's mother) and Mr. & Mrs. Louis
Charkham (bridegroom's parents)
received the guests**



**Mrs. P. Garner & Mrs. D.
Hamlyn (cousins of the bride's
mother) with Mr. Peter Brown**



**Miss Sally Town, a wedding guest,
is secretary to a publisher**



**Miss Gay Lowson is a daughter of Sir
Denys & the Hon. Lady Lowson**

WEDDING BELLS

*for Mr. Peter Lowsley-Williams (this page)
and Miss Patricia Maclean;
and for Mr. Stephen Charkham (left)
and Miss Ann Johnson*

Below: Sir Roger Makins (Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury), the Hon. Mrs. Peter Harvey, Lt.-Col. Sir William ... and Miss Marcia Makins (a sister of Sir Roger and ... William). Right: The bride & bridegroom. She is the ... daughter of Mr. & the late Mrs. Gerald Maclean. The wedding took place at St. James's, Spanish Place



Stockbroker Lord Warrington
(he is a partner in Hoare
& Co.), with his mother



Oxford undergraduate Mr.
Robert Bradshaw and Miss
Tricia Magill



Sir Edward Greene, Bt.
(stepfather of the bridegroom)
and Mrs. R. D. Ropner



Mr. Michael Lowsley-Williams
(the groom's brother) and
Miss C. Lowsley-Williams



Mr. G. Ropner (best
man) with Lady Greene
(the groom's mother)



Mrs. Douglas Harrison with
Mr. & Mrs. S. N. Embiricos

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN

OUT DANCING

An auction of pineapples was a feature of the ball. The auctioneer was Mr. Michael Silk

1. At the Pineapple Ball for the Stowe Club



Above: Mr. & Mrs. Philip Syrett. He was one of the original members of the club management committee

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE

Right: Mr. Nicholas Hordern (chairman of the ball) with Miss Jane Blackwell. The ball was held at Grosvenor House



Mrs. D. Stanley with Mr. G. Rogers (who is on the Stock Exchange) and Mrs. Rogers



2. At the Cowdray Hunt Ball held at Viscount Cowdray's Midhurst, Sussex, home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN

Viscount Cowdray, chairman of the Hunt, with Viscountess Cowdray. Guests danced in the portrait-lined hall of Cowdray Park



Mr. F. L. Withers (acting Master of the Cowdray Hunt) with Mrs. M. Morgan



Mrs. A. Leschallas with Major F. Blackett, who will be joint-Master next season



Above: Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard (a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk) with Mr. Bob McCreery (General Sir Richard McCreery's son)

The Duke of Atholl with Miss Mary-Anne Hare



Mr. M. T. D. Patmore (chairman of the London committee of the Stowe Club for Boys) with Mr. & Mrs. D. Crighton-Miller. Mr. Crighton-Miller, appointed headmaster of Stowe School last term, was attending the ball for the first time



Mr. & Mrs. B. C. Harris (they were married this year) looking at a canoe made by two members of the Stowe Club for Boys



At the Twelfth Night Ball for Displaced Persons



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN VINES

Left: Mr. Hugh O'Brian (TV's Wyatt Earp) with Miss Sheran Cazalet (daughter of Mr. P. Cazalet, the Queen Mother's trainer). Above: The Countess Mountbatten presented the tombola prizes (the Earl is behind her). Top: Lady Ogilvy, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Airlie. The ball was held at the Dorchester



ANNIVERSARY OF THE EARTHQUAKE

The painter prince

Grandson of Italy's late King Victor Emmanuel and a third cousin of Britain's Queen, he paints these Dali-like canvases in his home on the isle of Ischia



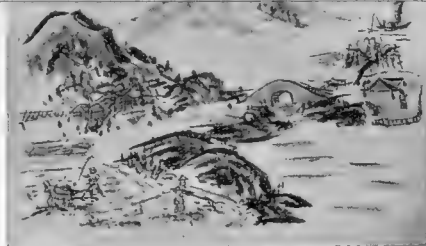


PRINCE HENRY OF HESSE (*left*) is the son of Prince Philip of Hesse & Princess Mafalda of Savoy. His great-grandfather was the Emperor Franz-Joseph of Austria (son-in-law of Queen Victoria). During the war King Victor Emmanuel sent the family to the safety of the Vatican, but his mother was tricked into going to the German Embassy to arrange a visit to Germany to see her husband. She never returned. Seized by the Germans, she died in Buchenwald in 1944. After the war, Prince Henry went into exile in Alexandria with his father, who now manages a restaurant in Germany. The prince, a bachelor, has a villa on Ischia, where he lives on his earnings as an artist. He has shown his work in Paris and New York



(above)
COUNTESS SCHOENBORN

COUNTESS CORTI



DEAFNESS Mrs. Olga Noble-Mathews (*right*) a former vice-president of the National Institute of the Deaf, believes that deaf children need more help. Next week she will begin a tour of Britain with the first international exhibition of deaf children's paintings. The exhibition (it comes to London in May) is the result of a competition organized in association with the National Deaf Children's Society. Ten-year-old Lee Mau Jung (born deaf), of the Hong Kong School for the Deaf, won a first prize with the painting *above*

DRAMA Willis Hall (*below*) is having his first London success with the Royal Court Theatre production of his jungle drama, *The Long And The Short And The Tall*. But he was already a well-known playwright in the North and has written more than fifty plays, and radio and television features. He settled in Nottingham when he finished his military service in Malaya. With him in the picture is Lindsay Anderson, who directed the play

Alan Vines



NEWS PORTRAITS





Mind you pick up a germ or two . . .

The fashionable thing to do abroad,
says MARY MACPHERSON, *is to be ill*

BEFORE THE WAR, travelling abroad was confined mainly to Englishmen of one class, and even they regarded it as something of a madcap adventure. You were lucky, they implied, to escape with your life once you had waved goodbye to Dover. If they wanted to be listened to agog at dinner parties, all they had to do was talk familiarly of "Monte," tell a joke in that amusing broken English that all foreigners, no matter how cultivated, were supposed to affect, and they were regarded as knowledgeable and expert travellers.

After the war, however, the word got around that you could visit the Continent with a fair chance of living to tell the tale. Travel became commonplace. Yearly the numbers going abroad bounced upward, and a new species of travellers' tale was evolved: food was the thing that everyone went on about. Garlic was rampant as only garlic can be. Any recipe that didn't begin "Take ten cloves of garlic and pound in a mortar, adding slowly half a pint of olive oil . . ." and end "... leave to marinate in red wine for a fortnight" was dismissed by avid English cooks as pedestrian.

It was impossible to visit an ordinary suburban household without sampling some curious mish-mash wheedled from an Iberian innkeeper. And one could be sure, when going out to dine, of encountering either an absolutely authentic Marseillaise *bouillabaisse* (made rather casually of cod and the kipper bones left over from breakfast) or, almost worse, *paella*. "So easy to do," said the proud housewife, "just rice and whatever

you happen to have handy."

But now the fascinating-little-Armenian-stew era is drawing to its close. Food is old hat. We all eat wonderfully, and what is unusual about that? The man who has every page of his passport interestingly scribbled on has had to look for a new aspect of abroad with which to pin people's attention to him. What shall it be?

Moving, as I do, in a circle of inspired hypochondriacs, I am in a position to reveal the answer. The elegant thing to do when you go abroad is *to be ill*. Travel sickness now has an entirely new meaning. No man, it appears, can set foot on the Continent without being struck down by some new and dramatic virus, or some enchanting muscular upheaval. (Just as foreign cookery was basically a woman's subject, foreign medicine appears to be mainly of interest to men.)

I have ceased to be embarrassed when my husband takes the floor at a party to tell about his appendectomy in Lugano, or that time when he had a poisoned toe in a little village outside Madrid. I know that as soon as anyone else can get a word in edgewise, some other wife will be blushing unhappily at the intimate details so eagerly revealed.

For no longer do people dreamily remember magnificent architecture, towering mountains, blinding sun on a beach. It is "Andes heel" (too much walking), "Zermatt knee" (too much ski-ing), or perhaps most evocative of all, "Venice tummy" (greed) that brings a soft smile to the face of one who is recounting the delights of a holiday.

Recently we entertained a married



Alan Vines

G. Pilkington

DIPLOMACY Mr. Ivo Vejvoda, Marshal Tito's ambassador in London, heads a special delegation which is seeking a British loan to Yugoslavia. For Mr. Vejvoda, a native of Croatia, language presents no problems—he speaks seven. He started life as a student of architecture and fought with Tito's partisans during the war. The Vejvodas have five children aged from 2 to 20





On holiday in Switzerland: Prince Michael of Kent at Crans-sur-Sierre where he was the guest of the Duchess of Aosta (his mother's cousin). In the picture with him is the Duchess's son, Prince Amedeo (15)

ROUNABOUT

continued from overleaf

couple just back from a bout with the sun in the south. We settled happily back for an evening's conversation on such subjects as gambling, currency problems, and French motorists. Not a bit of it. The husband strode in, bronzed and sparkling with health, with a dashing limp and a walking stick. His wife snaked in behind, greeny-

grey in the face as though fresh from under a stone.

"I suppose you had a wonderful holiday?" we said enviously.

"It was all right for Anne," said Roger, conveying a combination of gloom and pride in a talented way. "I had a terrible time. Slipped disc third day out."

"What bad luck," said my husband perfunctorily. "What do they do for that in France now? I remember in Italy. . ."

"Lumbar punctures," said Roger briskly, "and this French doctor was really a splendid little man. He had a rather interesting theory. . ."

When they rose to go, some two hours and four epidemics later, I said, trying to find a silver lining (something that hypochondriacs will tarnish if they get half a chance): "You certainly managed to get wonderfully brown. You weren't kept in bed all the time, then?"

"I did manage to crawl down to the beach occasionally, and lie there in agony. Of course, Anne had a marvellous time. She was able," said Roger, obviously recalling the high-spot of the entire holiday, "to have coffee in the chemist's every morning while they fixed my prescription."

Mention of French chemists gives us one of the reasons why illness abroad has such a large number of devotees. The spice of difficulty is added once you are over the Channel. There can be nothing intriguing about illness at home—it is all too easy and everyday. But it is no use, if you have one of your migraines while in Deauville, to walk into a chemist and ask for a packet of aspirin. He will look at you blankly (it is not generally known that Continental chemists, like Continental mechanics, are forbidden by law to speak English) and hand out some powders wrapped up in a pretty little pink-and-white packet. You suspect

that whatever it is these powders cure, it certainly isn't a headache, and moreover you will probably have a pretty nasty time getting them through the English customs.

In the same way, if you have sprained your ankle while window-shopping in Portofino, it is pointless to explain to the Italian doctor that your own physician told you, last time you strained a ligament, that you are constantly damaging yourself because of a subconscious refusal to face the hurly-burly of modern life. First of all, you will have forgotten—if you ever knew it—the Italian for "highly strung" and "too intelligent for my own good." Secondly, he knows perfectly well that your currency allocation will barely allow you to pay for the plaster on your ankle—with nothing to spare for a comforting dabble into the subconscious. Which will not, naturally, prevent you from talking in a knowing way about Italian psychiatrists and their methods, once you get back home.

In fact, so ill-health-conscious have the English become when abroad that the quickening pulse experienced when turning one's face to foreign climes is now merely taken to be a warning of the onset of *la grippe*. And, last citadel of all, symptoms have overtaken money as the subject of conversation which springs easiest to the lips of one Briton greeting another.

Once upon a time, if you heard two English sitting outside the *Café des Deux Magots*, and telling each other that no, no, they must multiply by three, divide by four and *then* move the decimal point back one, you could be sure they were puzzling whether 4s. 6d. would buy them another glass of cognac at 300 francs. Now, of course, they are working out how many degrees centigrade you need for a really decent Fahrenheit temperature.

BRIGGS by Graham





EZE: Boy meets boy—but
one is an 18th-century
model outside a shop

THE HILL TOWNS OF PROVENCE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Riviera holidaymakers whose movements are bounded by beach, casino and Corniche miss one of the most attractive features of the coast: the hill towns of Provence. The best known of these fortified medieval survivals—Haut Cagnes, Eze and Roquebrune—are perched on hilltops directly overlooking the Mediterranean. They would be worth a visit for the view alone, but the beauty of their own narrow cobbled streets and clustered buildings is the real attraction. Artists were among the first to appreciate this and Renoir lived and painted in Haut Cagnes for 16 years. Today many artists have their studios in the old houses there and this little town has also been “discovered” by the British, many of whom rent accommodation there every summer. Eastwards along the coast is Eze, fought over by Phoenicians, Romans, Saracens and Turks in its long history. A landmark for coast traffic, it now attracts more tourists than any of the others. Farther inland are Peille and La Turbie (which dates back to Julius Caesar) and many other hilltop villages—some almost unknown to visitors. Like the castles of the Rhine, they all make fine subjects for the camera, as these striking pictures show.



THE HILL TOWNS OF PROVENCE *continued*



ROQUEBRUNE (above and left) came into the news when Sir Winston Churchill wintered there. It is only 100 years since it gave up its autonomous status and became part of France. Left: Water is fetched by pail from the well



HAUT CAGNES: This is the chapel in Renoir's painting. He lived in Cagnes from 1903 until he died in 1919. In the 17th-century château there are paintings by him and by Buffet, Klee and Foujita

EZE: Not until Louis XIV blew up the castle in 1706 did its warring history end, and with it the Ezasques' reputed cry on seeing strangers: "Hide the goats and the girls!"

LA TURBIE: La Trophée des Alpes (below), is the monument built by Julius Caesar to mark the start of the Via Julia, the Roman road across Gaul



FORTIFICATIONS of Monte Carlo (above) recall that this, too, has a military history. The Grimaldi family, which still rules there in the person of Prince Rainier, formerly had its home in the château of Haut Cagnes (top)



Cover photos
(clockwise from top):
Elba (Roger Wood);
Girl (Gordon
Crocker); Antigua
(Doone Beal);
Portugal, Cascais
(Portuguese Travel
Bureau); Malta
(J. Allan Cash)

The newest contenders

GOING- ABROAD GUIDE

by Doone Beal

TRAVEL BUREAUX

Danish: Denmark House,
71 Piccadilly, W.1.
Finnish: Finland House,
56 Haymarket, S.W.1.
Belgian: 167 Regent Street, W.1.
Luxembourg: 167 Regent
Street, W.1.
Portuguese (also for Madeira):
20 Regent Street, S.W.1.
Spanish: 70 Jermyn Street, S.W.1.
Swedish: 52/53 Conduit Street, W.1.
South Africa: 70 Piccadilly, W.1.
Swiss: 458 Strand, W.C.1.
Austrian: 219 Regent Street, W.1.
Indian: 28 Cockspur Street, S.W.1.
Intourist (U.S.S.R.): 314 Regent
Street, W.1.
Malta: Malta House, Haymarket,
S.W.1.
Bahamas: 21 Berkeley Square, W.1.
German: 6 Vigo Street, W.1.
French: 178 Piccadilly, W.1.
Italian: 201 Regent Street, W.1.
Cedok (Czechoslovakia): 45 Oxford
Street, W.1.
Yugoslav: 143 Regent Street, W.1.
Netherlands: 38 Hyde Park Gate,
S.W.7.
Norwegian: 20 Pall Mall, S.W.1.
West Indies: 40 Norfolk Street,
Strand, W.C.2.
Greek: 34 Hyde Park Square,
W.2.

HOLIDAY places, like clothes, go in fashions. There are the classic Riviera resorts, like the unchanging ball gown, and there are also the enduring unassuming places which go on attracting customers, like twin sets, for their practical qualities. But besides these, there are the new places—a Spanish coastal strip one year, a Mediterranean island the next. They change like the Collections, smartest when they first make their appearance, gradually losing caste as the many take to them, and eventually displaced by a new fashion—the sack instead of the trapeze, a little picturesque fishing-village instead of the now built-up beaches of the last favourite.

Four of the newest contenders for the fashionable holiday trade are:

ELBA, evolving rapidly from retreat to resort, with the help of a considerable tourist drive. But it is still best appreciated by people who mean what they say by the word *primitive*.

It has excellent beaches (notably, the Marina di Campo, on the south coast, and the Golfo di Procchio, on the north). Apart from swimming, there is good water-skiing and underwater fishing. You can explore the mountain villages by hired Vespa or car. There is also the (as yet) unadopted track-road that runs along the south-west coast; Elba has still the charm of being "discoverable."

The main tourist hotel is the Albergo Iselba at Marina di Campo, set in the pine trees with its own beach. It is good-looking and luxurious, with international cuisine: expensive by local standards (about 3 gns. a day, full pension). Other hotels include the Hotel del Golfo at Procchio, and the Darsena at the main commercial port of Portoferraio.

The most attractive place to shop for a picnic or linger over your aperitif is the little harbour village of Porto Azzurro. Evening entertainment throughout the island consists mainly of the unbeatable sport of café-crawling, with a little guitar music thrown in.

You reach Elba by boat from Piombino, on the mainland: B.E.A. fly to Rome (£55 tourist return, £38 17s. midweek) and Eagle Airways to Pisa (£35 for a 23-day trip, weekday rates: £37 18s., weekend rates: £47 7s., ordinary). There is a train service from either Rome or Pisa to Piombino.

MALTA, far from primitive, is attracting an increasing number of visitors. Valetta is 400 years old, and St. John's Cathedral and the neolithic temples alone are sightseers' lure. Its main theatre, the Manoel, is one of the oldest in Europe and there is plenty of café life in the evening. You can explore Grand Harbour in the gaily painted *dghaisas* (rather like gondolas), and areas of completely unspoilt countryside outside Valetta by horse cab. It is worth chancing the somewhat schizoid weather of April just to see the wild flowers, waist-high in purple clover. Strictly for settled sunshine and bathing, wait till late May or June. Questing for a beachier existence you can take your car on the ferry to the island of Gozo, where there are sandy beaches and rocky coves and the way of life is restricted to fishing, farming and lace-making. British background cuts out the language and currency problems but, so far as the gastronomically adventurous are concerned, it does not add to the food. Malta's principal hotel is the Phoenicia (*on cover*), and in Gozo you can stay at the Duke of Edinburgh. B.E.A. return fare is £52 12s. (or a night tourist flight at £42).

ANTIGUA: Magnificently bored international millionaires and a number of quiet Americans are going here, refugees from the perhaps overworked charms of Nassau and Jamaica. It has not yet forfeited its true West Indian flavour. Shoulder-high in rolling fields of sugar cane, the countryside is not unlike a tropical version of Somerset (if you substitute sea-island cotton for the turnips). Its still uncrowded beaches have soft, pale sand, and its year-round heat (always in the seventies) and sunshine know no season. It is always cooled and dried by the trade winds. Most luxurious place to stay is the Mill Reef (a club with accommodation sometimes available to non-members). Otherwise, consider White Sands, the newly built Anchorage, or the bohemian, beachcombing existence that goes on at the Lord Nelson. Night life is what you make it, with dancing most nights at one or other of the hotels to the Hell's Gate steel band: midnight bathing, and long cool drinks under the stars.

Apart from the inevitable cost of the fare to the West Indies, Antigua is not, so far, restricted to the millionaire's price bracket. You can fly there by B.O.A.C. changing in Bermuda or Jamaica to B.W.I.A., £331 3s. first class and £248 17s. tourist return. It is, of course, possible to break your journey for a few days either in Bermuda or Jamaica at no extra cost: or reach Antigua via New York, at a roughly equivalent price.

PORTUGAL: Less crowded and less expensive than France, and has far better food than Spain. Its countryside and people are pastoral and gentle. Estoril, Lisbon's chic international resort, is only just beginning to be discovered by the British; has a highly civilized evening and night life, complete with an elegant casino. The Palace Hotel is in the top bracket of the international class, and there are many other more modest hotels and guest houses. Nearby are the rolling Atlantic beaches of Guincho: inland, the romantic mountain retreat of Sintra, where Byron lived and worked for a time.

Another of Portugal's up-and-coming
continued on page 164



THE NEWEST CONTENDERS

continued from
page 162

resorts is Praia da Rocha, in the south—again on the Atlantic coast. It has a sunny, windy, exhilarating climate and surf bathing, and is claiming many addicts from the hotter and more crowded Mediterranean beaches. B.E.A. return fare to Lisbon is £60 12s.

How will these newest contenders for the big-time travel trade make out? I hope to keep you posted in the regular column I shall be writing in *THE TATLER*. Starting in the next issue, this will appear every week, and I shall report information on every aspect of holidaying abroad.

The time and the place—a holiday calendar

ABROAD is still abroad, whatever the weather. Despite the rain, I once spent a blissful ten days in Brittany in late November. With equal zest, I sweltered through a heat wave in New York in August, and I also huddled over a fire in southern Spain in March. The fact is that business, the school holidays and circumstances do not always combine to get one to the right place at the right time. But if you're lucky enough to choose, there's no harm in at least *trying* to be fashionable about it. With that in view, and the co-operation of the tourist bureaux concerned, this calendar has been compiled.

JANUARY: Germany (Black Forest); Madeira; Monte Carlo; Nassau; Spain (Alicante and Malagar); West Indies.

Top tip: **Cortina**, in the Dolomites, is beginning to challenge the ski resorts of France, Switzerland and Austria. One advantage is that you can combine with your ski holiday a couple of days in Venice, to which B.E.A. have started a winter service. The fare is £45 9s. return, and a further £1 14s. 6d. covers the fare for coach which meets you at Venice airport and takes you on and up to Cortina itself.

FEBRUARY: France (the Alps); Germany (Black Forest); Italy (Dolomites); Nassau; Switzerland; West Indies.

Top tip: You've still got to go either very high or very far to get the sunshine, and unless February finds you already on a palm-fringed beach, the ski resorts remain the best bet. In **Austria**, Lech, Zürs and St. Anton are at their gayest, and offer much in the way of entertainment even to non-skiers. An up-and-coming small ski resort, still cheap but lacking in any elaborate night life, is Gargellen. Nearest airport to either is Zürich (B.E.A. from £22 4s. return).

MARCH: France (Paris, last two weeks); India (Kashmir); Madeira; Nassau; West Indies.

Top tip: **Amsterdam** shares with us a doubtful March from the weather viewpoint, but, particularly towards the latter half of the month, it has much to offer. The star

turn is the 63 acres of daffodils and tulips in the Keukenhof park nearby, and indeed all over the country. And come wind, weather or season, there remains the Old-Master beauty of the city itself: the fabulous paintings especially the Rembrandts—in the Rijksmuseum. Finally food that is gastronomically the tops, in the famous Five Flies and other notable restaurants. B.E.A. and K.L.M. return fare is £16 2s., or you can go by boat: return fare Liverpool St./Harwich to the Hook is £11 10s. 6d., first class.

APRIL: Balearic Islands (Ibiza); Greece (Athens); Holland; Kashmir; Luxembourg; Madeira; Morocco (Tangier); New York; Paris; Rome.

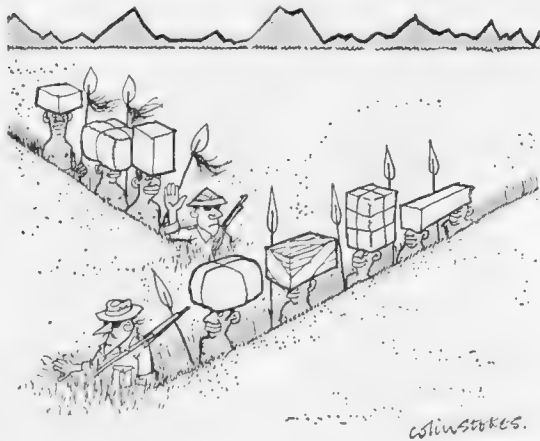
Top tip: I've never known **New York** to be less than dazzling, but this is one of the best times of the year to see it at its peak, when the air is Alpine in its clarity, and the social pace positively syncopates. So far as the sea journey is concerned, you can still take advantage of the winter fares: from about £84 10s. to £100 one-way, cabin class, and from £136 to £204, first class, in Cunard's Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, or by United States or French lines. By air, both B.O.A.C. and Pan-American range from £311 17s. return, de luxe, through first and tourist to the economy flight at £162.

MAY: Capri; Corsica; Denmark (Copenhagen); Elba; France (the Riviera, Paris); Gibraltar; Italy (the Lakes and Riviera, Rome); Luxembourg; Malta; New York; Paris; Sweden (Stockholm); Switzerland (the Lakes); Sicily; Spain (Costa Brava, Alicante, Malagar, Madrid, Majorca).

Top tip: **Greece**. May 3 is Easter Sunday according to the Greek Orthodox Church, and it is the festival of the year. On Saturday at midnight there is a candlelight procession in every town, but most spectacular of course in Athens, followed by a traditional feast of roast lamb. The public holidays immediately afterwards, when many restaurants and shops are closed, are a time to leave Athens and see Delphi, or take the quick flight over to Rhodes. The weather is perfect for sight-seeing—sunny but not too hot. Equally, May marks the beginning of the summer season, when it is reckoned by most people to be warm enough to sunbathe and swim. B.E.A., Olympic Airlines, both fly from London to Athens, £100 16s. return, tourist.

GIBRALTAR: the harbour. See Holiday Calendar for October

STOKES JOKES



JUNE: Belgium (Ostend); Capri; Corsica; Czechoslovakia; Elba; Biarritz, the Riviera, Deauville; Finland; Gibraltar; Holland; Italian Lakes and Riviera Venice; Lapland; Luxembourg; Portugal (Estoril and the south); Norway (Oslo, Bergen, the north); Russia (Yalta on the Black Sea and Moscow); Sicily; Spain (San Sebastian, Santander, Madrid, Costa Brava, Majorca); Sweden's Central Lake district, Stockholm; South Africa (Natal and Durban); Yugoslavia (Dubrovnik and Adriatic coast).

Top tip: June is the perfect month to go almost anywhere, but if you are still open-minded about it you might consider **Denmark:** Copenhagen, of course, and in terms of small resorts, Svendborg, on the Funen Peninsula. (It combines good beach life with a late-flowering night club, a theatre and two good hotels.) This time of year the days are long and light, and in the twilight on Midsummer Eve bonfires are traditionally lit all along the coast. To reach Svendborg, you go by boat from Harwich to Esbjerg (£22 9s. 6d. return from Liverpool St.), and thence by train via Odense to the south coast. B.E.A. fly to Copenhagen, £29 8s. for night excursion flight, £43 4s. daytime return. Other direct flights include S.A.S.

JULY: Ostend; Le Touquet, Biarritz, French Riviera, Brittany; Holland; Finland; Czechoslovakia; Russia (Moscow, Yalta); Norway; San Sebastian, Santander; Sweden (West coast and Baltic coast); South Africa; Yugoslavia.

Tip: When San Sebastian becomes Spain's summer capital, you'll find there a gay and crowded beach existence; much glitz, evening dress and formality plus, of course, some of the best bullfights. If cosmopolitan living on a high level is your fancy, here you have it. B.E.A. fly to Biarritz, and their coach takes you over the border to San Sebastian for £40 19s. inclusive, return fare.

AUGUST: Ostend; Finland; Le Touquet, Brittany, Biarritz; Oslo, Bergen, the fjords; San Sebastian, Santander; Stockholm, west coast of Sweden; Russia (Moscow, Yalta); Yugoslavia.

Top tip: August is height of the season in **Le Touquet**—and why, one imagines, go further when you can reach it for a mere £6 return? You can, of course, take your car (a further £10 return, depending on size), but Le Touquet has the advantage of being compact and entirely walkable. There is a handful of good little restaurants, a particularly elegant casino, an excellent golf course, and miles of unbroken beach and sand dunes which enable you always to get away from your fellow human beings if you want to. Silver City fly from Lydd to Le Touquet in half an hour. On Saturdays and Sundays in August the fare for your car is slightly increased, as, for example, from £10 to £13.

SEPTEMBER: Austria (Vienna); Ostend; Corsica; Le Touquet, Biarritz, French Riviera, Brittany, Paris; Holland; Italy (Venice, Riviera, Rome, Lakes); India (Darjeeling); New York; Norway (Bergen and the fjords); Spain (Costa Brava, Santander and San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville); Tangier; Sicily; Yugoslavia; Switzerland.

Top tip: **Baden-Baden.** Apart from its

famous waters, Baden-Baden is also visited by those on pleasure bent. High in the sparkling air of the Black Forest, it is a magnificent late summer resort. There are open-air concerts and race meetings by day, and the grandiloquent, chandelier-hung Casino at night. In September, to mark the height of the season, pure gold and silver chips are used; the financial and sartorial standards are believably high. B.E.A. fly to Basle (£20 10s. return), and you proceed by rail. Other direct flights include Swissair to Basle.

OCTOBER: Greece (Athens and the Islands); Darjeeling; New York; Paris; Portugal (Lisbon, Estoril, the south-west); Spain (Costa Brava, Majorca, Seville); Rome, Italian Lakes; Sicily; Switzerland; Tangier.

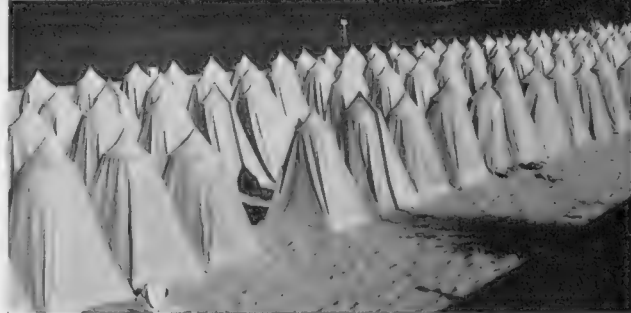
Top tip: Although you may catch magnificent weather during the early part of the month in the Swiss and Italian Lakes, and the sun can still linger on the French Riviera, it is perhaps safer to move to a softer climate for a late holiday. **Tangier** still has sun and sea bathing at this time of year, apart from the delights of the city itself. Equally, it is an excellent month, and not too hot, to tour Morocco by car. It is easy to hire a self-drive and the roads are excellent and well signposted. The return fare London/Tangier is £56 13s., but you can fly to Gibraltar (night excursion) from £38 15s., and then on to Tangier with Gibraltar Airlines for only £3 16s., which represents a considerable saving.

NOVEMBER: South Africa (Cape Town).

Top tip: The weather is still blue-and-golden in **Portugal** at this time of the year, and indeed friends who live there nominate November the best month of all. The countryside looks magnificent, and Estoril is kept humming with life, both by its residents and the late sun-seeking visitors. It is one of those agreeable resorts that is never really "out of season." If you actually want to swim in November, go down to Praia da Rocha—still in Atlantic water but facing south. B.E.A. tourist return fare to Lisbon is £60 12s. Other direct flights include T.A.P.

DECEMBER: Monte Carlo; Nassau; Portugal; Cape Town; West Indies.

Top tip: **Madeira.** This steep volcanic island in the Atlantic has only a two-degree variation in temperature throughout the year and so—like the West Indies—its season has been created largely by fashion. Though increasingly tourism is competing with the grape and fishing industries for the hard-working islanders' labour, the traditional December season remains one of the best times to go there. There is a magnificent firework festival at Christmas, great celebrations on New Year's Eve, and considerable gaiety at Funchal's two main hotels (Reid's and the Savoy). Visit the marvellously colourful fishing village of Camara de Lobos, and swim—in comfort—on Christmas Day. Bergen Lines run a first-class service from Plymouth between December and April (from £74 return). Booth, Elder Dempster, Fanu and Royal Netherlands Steamship Co., and Union Castle all go to Madeira from the U.K., price depending on accommodation. *continued overleaf*



DENMARK: a bathing beach. See Holiday Calendar for June



Civilization begins at Dover

*One's thoughts to summer holidays are guided;
Brochures are snowing in from near and far.
But if, in spite of all, you're undecided,
Come to sunny Che-sara-sara!
The villagers are charming—so incredibly
unspoiled.
They're just like little children—and per-
manently oiled,
For wine is cheap, and water's only drinkable
when boiled.
Come to Che-sara-sara!*

*The joy of it is that once you're in, you're
stuck there;
The roads are quite impassable by car.
You'll find it rather hard to run amok there—
The only real attraction is the spa.
The cognoscenti flock for miles to take the
local cure.
It's madly worth the effort—you feel so fresh
and pure,
They plaster you from head to foot with tepid
goose manure.
Come to Che-sara-sara!*

*The tagliatelle's terribly nutritious;
The garlic's not remotely under par.
The carabinieri aren't exactly vicious—
You simply have to take them as they are.
With a little imagination you're on the
Riviera—
Well, not as smart as that, of course, though
just a trifle dearer.
But as long as you're having a lovely time, why
worry about the lira?
Come to Che-sara-sara!*

FRANCIS KINSMAN

GOING-ABROAD GUIDE

continued from overleaf

Cruising into the sunshine

CONNOISSEURS of the art of exchanging our watery spring sunshine for (and, possibly, *with!*) solid-gold certainty are heading either for the West Indies or, nearer home, for Madeira and Teneriffe. If you, too, are dreaming of a wet Easter (it's ominously early this year, with threat of mackintoshes, snowboots and rugs on any English beach on Easter Monday), there is still time to book for an Easter cruise in P. & O.'s liner *Chusan*. She leaves London on Friday, 20 March, returning on 6 April; reaches the sunnier shores of **Teneriffe** by the 24, then cruises along the West African coastline across the equator. There the uninitiated will have the boisterous pleasure of the Crossing the Line ceremony, mainly amusing only when it happens to someone else. She reaches **Casablanca** on 1 April, and **Lisbon** on the 3rd, spending one night in each. Fares range from £76 per head for an outside four-berth cabin to £241 for a double cabin-de-luxe.

Another Easter cruise is offered by Bergen Lines in s.s. *Venus*, taking in, besides Teneriffe and Casablanca, **Tangier** and **Madeira**. The round trip lasts a fortnight (25 March to 6 April). The same company runs a convenient series of 15-day cruises, the first of which leaves Dover's misty white cliffs on 28 February, calling at Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Casablanca, Tangier, Gibraltar, Ajaccio and Genoa. From this point, passengers can return home overland. Equally, they can join the ship at Genoa for the second leg of the cruise to **North Africa and Greece**, calling at Tunis, Tripoli, Alexandria, Rhodes, Crete, Athens, Olympia, the Ionian Islands, Dubrovnik and back to Venice. The last two cruises (all of the same length) duplicate the same journeys in reverse. Fares start at £98 for 15 days, depending on the accommodation.

Greek Lines are operating a 13-day cruise (22 March to 4 April) from Southampton to the **Canary Isles** (Teneriffe and Las Palmas) and Madeira. In addition, they do a direct service from Southampton to Madeira, the voyage taking just under four days. The s.s. *New York* leaves Southampton every eight days from 14 February until 12 April. Available accommodation ashore is not exactly thick on the ground at this time of year, but Greek Lines hold reservations at various hotels which are at the disposal of their passengers.

In terms of the **West Indies**, whose varied appeal neither travel poster nor calypso has yet exaggerated, French Lines still have a few vacancies in the s.s. *Antilles*. She leaves Southampton on 27 February, calling first at Vigo on the Atlantic coast of Spain (which, incidentally, is one of the most unforgettably gorgeous harbours in which to wake up). She sails from there direct across what is known as the "flying fish run" to Puerto Rico, at the northernmost point of the chain

of islands which extends down to Trinidad. This is surely one of the most atmospheric and attractive of trips, as any traveller who mistakenly imagined the islands to be "much of a muchness" will find out. The *Antilles* takes in the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, and then goes on to Barbados, Trinidad, La Guaira in Venezuela, the Dutch island of Curaçao, Kingston (Jamaica) and Port-au-Prince, in Haiti, returning to Plymouth by 20 March. The ship is in port for an average of 12 hours at each call, and a variety of shore excursions is laid on. Prices range from £302 to £502 per head, and the food and hospitality, I hear on all sides, are both splendidly French.

Less expensive than the official cruise fare is the normal round trip made twice monthly throughout the year by the *Antilles* and her sister ship, the *Colombie*. They cover most of the above-mentioned ports with the exception of Haiti, Jamaica and Curaçao. The whole trip takes about a month.

The *Andes* (Royal Mail) is making a slightly briefer (23-day) cruise to the West Indies, leaving Southampton on 29 April and calling at Trinidad, Antigua and Bermuda (where you have time to spend a night ashore). The minimum available accommodation is outside double-berth cabins with bath, costing £291 per head for the round trip.

If midnight sun is something you've never seen, consider a midsummer cruise to **Scandinavia**. The night-club hours are a perpetual, pale sunset pink. The *Andes* leaves Southampton on 14 June for an 18-day cruise to Copenhagen, Helsinki, Oslo and Amsterdam, giving you a night's stop-over in Copenhagen, Stockholm and Amsterdam. Accommodation: single from £89, rising to £228 for a double first-class berth.

An alternative Scandinavian cruise is run by the Hamburg-American Line. You join s.s. *Ariadne* at Hamburg on 27 June, calling at the **Faroe Islands** and **Reykjavik** (Iceland), cruising through part of the Arctic Circle and back to Hamburg via the North Cape, Svolvær, Gudvangen, and Bergen. It is about the only time of year when it is possible to go as far north as this in comfort, but on a good day the icy, ethereal beauty is something not to miss.

Chasing the more conventional sunshine still farther, Union Castle have some tempting 33½ per cent reductions on five different voyages to **South Africa**, starting from Southampton between 5 March and 28 May. This is a true rest-cure: it takes two months to get there and back, with first-class accommodation only. On reaching Cape Town you can leave the ship and explore for a week, travelling overland to Durban, to pick her up again on the way home. Equally, you can stay in South Africa and delay your return home from Durban on 26 November, or Cape Town on 4 December, still qualifying for the out-of-season reduction in fare. Cheap at the price by many standards, these voyages work out at £4 per day: around £250 per head for the return trip, for a two-berth cabin.

All the prices quoted above are, of necessity, approximate. But if you think of taking a cruise during the next six months, don't leave your plan at the pipe-dream stage too long. Get into the travel agency or the shipping office, and book it—the early birds undoubtedly get the best berths.

MAJORCA: *Paseo de Sagrera at Palma.*
Several spring cruises call here





Heading for the tropic zone

SEVEN PAGES OF TRAVEL

FASHIONS PHOTOGRAPHED

BY PETER ALEXANDER

Take-off from London demands a coat that is warm on a wintry airport yet light enough to carry over the arm on arrival in the tropics. This Susan Small model is proportioned along classic lines in beige jersey—also in several other colours.

Beneath it goes a matching dress (*shown overleaf*). From Peter Robinson, London; Tallents, Godalming; and Jane Hardy, Mansfield, price: about 16½ gns. Hat by Dolores is at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, price: about £1 13s. Jewellery and beige stitched handbag from Fior, Burlington Gardens. The travel pictures (*above*) by J. Allan Cash show (*from top*), Amsterdam, Rome's Piazza de Esedra, the gardens at Cape Town and the Camara de Lobos in Madeira.





Peter Alexander

Landing at a sun-drenched airport so off comes the coat (shown on the preceding page) to reveal a cool dress made in the same beige-coloured jersey but in a much finer weight. Small cap sleeves, rounded neckline and elasticized waist make it easy to wear for travelling. By Susan Small and obtainable separately from Peter Robinson, London; Tallents, Godalming, and Jane Hardy, Mansfield, price: about 8½ gns. Bag and jewellery from Fior. Sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith

Above: The cool arrival look
...and then the clothes
for the beach



A tabard of white towelling painted with outside polka dots is gay and practical for wear over a swimsuit. It has zip fastening at the front and is obtainable at Lillywhites, London, in their Cruise Shop. Price: 6 gns.



Two smart swimsuits. On the left a model by Slix for Teddy Tinling in pink nylon organza flocked with white flowers mounted on opaque pink nylon taffeta. Matching coat is of white flocked nylon organza. At Gordon Lowe Sports, Brompton Arcade, S.W.1, price: about 14 gns. The second is in blue Helanca yarn completely unboned for a superb fit and yet allowing it to be worn with or without shoulder straps. Chevron seams are outlined with hem-stitching. At Lillywhites, London, from their Cruise Shop. Price: £7 2s. Sugar pink straw hat by Derville



Sophistication in playsuits from Teddy Tinling. The girl on the left wears green pure silk mandarin slacks topped by a white cotton blouson printed with a lemon tree motif. Prices: slacks about 9 gns. and top about 75s. The second outfit comprises pink shorts worn with an abbreviated bodice (not shown here) and a white jacket appliquéd with sugar pink. Price, complete: about 15 gns. Both outfits to be available shortly from Teddy Tinling Ltd., W. Kensington, W.14. Sandals by Gamba. Jewellery by Fior. Hats by Miss Symonds



Peter Alexander

This four-piece set in a brilliant crimson rose design printed on cotton comprises a skirt with a high cummerbund waistline, a boned strapless suntop, a pair of ankle-length slacks and a shirt. Each piece can be bought separately, the skirt with suntop and shirt costing together £7 10s. and the slacks 3 gns. All are made by Estrava and obtainable at Merle, Thurloe Place, S.W.7. Leather sandals from Gamba, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith. Jewellery by Fior.

Pack interchangeables instead
of those beachwear oddments

Versatile cotton companions

Left: The housecoat is a must for any holiday wardrobe. This Chinese kimono printed with a magnificent Persian design in glowing colours on cotton folds into the tiniest space. It has a high draw-string waistline and zip-fastening at the front. An Estrava design obtainable at D. H. Evans, London; Elliston & Cavell, Oxford, and Edwin Jones, Southampton. Price about £4 7s. 6d.

Below: The tunic made by Estrava in the same Persian print has tiny matching shorts and a suntop. Worn here with Dorville's coolie hat. Bamboo-mounted sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith, gem-studded bronze barbaric bracelet by Fior. Sandals by Gamba. Obtainable at Merle, Thurloe Place, S.W.7. Price for tunic, shorts and suntop 7 gns.





Sudan cotton, finely woven, with a dull satin finish makes this London Town dress in which the bodice buttons to the waist at the back. Shown here in pale blue, it also comes in other colours. At Harvey Nichols Little Shop, London; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, and Finnigans, Wilmslow. The price: about 8 gns. Wicker coolie hat threaded with coloured straw comes from Dorville. The bag is by Fior

There's room for

Below: White linen for a cool sheath dress, high-waisted with an inner bodice of the same material. It is appliquéd with embroidered yellow roses and lined throughout with taffeta. A Jean Allen model at Debenham & Freebody, London; John Walsh, Sheffield, and Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. The price is 14½ gns. Straw coolie hat from Dorville



Versatile for holidays, a formal printed silk dress that packs into the minimum of space and is entirely suitable for many late day appointments. Here in vivid shades of blue on white, this high-waisted dress by Fredrica is trimmed with a rose of the same material. At Harvey Nichols, London; Werff Bros., Birmingham, and Leaders, Leeds. The price: about 10½ gns.

Dresses to give you that
cool and cared-for look
on tropical occasions
these in your trunk



Peter Alexander

After-dark dress for dancing on the patio. This is made of a brilliant orange and flame-coloured printed nylon chiffon and has underskirts of taffeta and net. Made by Linzi in these and other colours. Obtainable from Harrods, London, and Shirley Ltd., Bristol. The price is about 15 gns. Jewellery by Fior

Left: Superb for dinner parties, a dress made from pure silk French jersey that is virtually uncrushable. Here in bamboo but also obtainable in many other colours including black. A Susan Small model at John Lewis, London; Renée Shaw, Sutton, Surrey, and Rowley, Walsall. Price: 23 gns.



IT COULD BE FOR YOU...

In your plan for sun

Horrockses have made a coat and dress shown here (they are expected in the shops from mid-February) that should swiftly establish themselves as favourites with the girl bound for a tropical holiday with its round of garden parties, formal lunches and cocktail parties. The coat is in dulled gold cotton with a hopsack weave effect and is lined throughout with the material used for the dress. It has a wide, round neckline and three-quarter length sleeves. The sheath dress is also of cotton, in a chestnut, gold and white print. The sash, slotted through the front and tied with a bow, is in a toning grosgrain. The dress, which can be bought separately, costs about 6 gns. Both the coat and dress will be at Hunts, Bond Street, W.1; Bon Marché, Liverpool, and Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead. Together they cost about 12 gns. The stitched satin cotton hat (shown with the coat and again in detail above) is by Christian Dior Chapeaux, price: about 11½ gns. from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street. Gilt coin bracelet from Fior; sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER ALEXANDER



A GHOST IN THE WAY. Ardently pursuing Seraphina (Lea Padovani), Alvaro the truck driver (Sam Wanamaker) meets strong sales resistance. She is still obsessed with the memory of her husband, and dwells on it with mystical intensity

THEATRE

A vintage Williams play

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



OUT of plain colloquial speech Mr. Tennessee Williams draws extraordinary vitality and a rich, earthy poetry, but this rare gift seems in his later plays to be threatened by a growing conviction in his mind that the world is not a fit place for his heroes to live in. If morally crippled, as was the hero of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, they will be helpless against the demands of venality and mendacity inherent in life. If innocent, as was the hero of *Camino Real*, they will be tormented to death. If well meaning, like the hero of *Orpheus Descending*, they will be defiled and destroyed by contact with a world that is corrupt through and through.

However, his plays take a long time to reach us through the slow-working filter of censorship, and *The Rose Tattoo*—brought to the New Theatre by Mr. Sam Wanamaker's New Shakespeare Company from Liverpool—was written long enough ago to be more or less free from Mr. Williams's rather sick obsession with universal corruption.

It is a remarkable study of a Sicilian peasant woman living in the shack civilization of Florida. She is a natural mystic. Her hot-blooded enjoyment of her husband's love is accompanied by all sorts of wondrous signs and tokens. The rose tattooed on his chest momentarily transfers itself to her own body, and a rose is chief among the votive offerings she lays on a small table in front of a statue of the Virgin.

When the man, a truck driver peddling dope, is shot dead in an affray with the police, the disaster reduces her to a state of emotional paralysis. She sees herself as one of the world's great lovers bereaved by an unintelligibly cruel fate. She shuts herself up in a slatternly loneliness. The neighbours, who know that her sainted Romeo was in fact a footloose philanderer, resent her mystical abandonment to grief. They are in her eyes so many witches and torturing he and she devils, and she imagines that she is a martyr holding at bay all the fiends of hell while she prays more and more impatiently to her statue for a sign that her sufferings are not unnoticed.

Her sexual frustration also takes the form of a near-mad jealousy of her teen-age daughter. The girl is being educated at an American high school, and to her deeply distorted mind this institution with its organized celebrations and picnics can have only one purpose. A fierce maternal guardianship is the disguise that her jealousy wears. She objects violently to any friendship that seems to serve that purpose.

This character, as Anna Magnani has shown in a film, is, for all its extravagance and complexity, one which it is possible to accept as humanly valid. It is the felt presence of the passionate Sicilian temperament that brings all its mystical obsessions into focus. Miss Lea Padovani, who plays the part at the New, seems to have no clue as to the workings of this temperament. Her rages are mere tantrums. Her mystical promptings look like commonplace caprices.

Her slatternliness is not pathetic nor are her desperate wailings at the statue, the priest and the neighbours anything but indications of bad temper.

She cannot even make us feel how sacrilegious are the neighbours' savage jeers at her husband's supposed fidelity, or bring home the torment to her of being unable even to wonder seriously if the shocking accusations may be true. But when one day a clownish, brawny truck driver comes into the woman's life the whole character of Miss Padovani's performance changes. The passionate mystic has eluded her; but the woman who slowly reawakens at the hands of a man suits her temperament exactly.

Mr. Williams arranges for the transition to begin in an inspired crying scene. The truck driver has had a fight, and he cries because he always cries when he has lost a fight. She cries also, because she always cries when she sees someone else crying. The sympathetic tears bring a sudden release to what has been stopped up inside her, and her exultant peal of laughter shows the man a new woman in the sloven he has hardly noticed till then.

Her new courtship begins. Miss Padovani plays it charmingly, and Mr. Wanamaker, ignoring much of what is venial and moronic in the character, gives a highly entertaining display of comic clumsiness.

If the actors may be suspected of twisting the play into their own temperamental image, Mr. Williams must share some of the blame. His resolution of his own drama into plain terms of desire and satisfaction betrays the tormented woman whose complex character he has taken so much trouble to build in the first part of the play. And there is almost an air of parody in the scene in which the avid daughter, a true child of her Sicilian parents, tries to break down the resistance of an agonized but rigidly responsible young American sailor; a scene neatly played by Miss Catherine Feller and Mr. John Bown.

Mr. Wanamaker's own performance is infinitely better than his production, which, especially in the first act, wants imagination.



Rosa (Catherine Feller), daughter of Seraphina, and not at all a nice child

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MOTORING

Clochemerle in the Cotswolds

by GORDON WILKINS

THE PEACE OF 15TH-CENTURY Northleach, well known to drivers on the main A40, is riven by civic discord. The immemorial calm of the Cotswolds is troubled by the first rumblings of profound disturbances such as those which once shattered the rustic tranquillity of Clochemerle-en-Beaujolais. And for the same reason: a little necessary building which the Rural Council proposes to erect in the market place.

The circumstances are not completely identical. I detect here no ambitious radical Mayor Piechut fostering this addition to the ancient architecture as a blow at the prestige of church and nobility. Nothing has been sprung on the unsuspecting citizens. It has been talked over for 12 years. Back in 1951 the Parish Council held a referendum in which 393 electors expressed themselves in favour of this addition to the town's amenities, 11 voted against and 11 spoiled their paper.

Not can any Cotswold spinster denounce it as a concession to the indulgences of the male sex, as Clochemerle's Justine Putet did, or condemn the little edifice as a godless manoeuvre by a town council doomed to eternal punishment. The preliminaries have been conducted with almost exaggerated regard for all shades of public opinion. There will be provision for both sexes and—crowning achievement of discretion and good taste—it is to be combined with a bus shelter; the whole to be built of Cotswold stone with a Cotswold tile roof. None of your Clochemerle slate and wrought iron for Northleach.

But the opposition has been marshalling its forces and battle was joined at a public inquiry recently reported in the *Gloucestershire Echo*. The Medical Officer of Health gave the scheme his blessing, the Surveyor added that it was an urgent reform and the Area Planning Officer argued that the importance of the town's position, midway between London and Cardiff, imposed on it a duty to provide essential facilities for travellers adjacent to its car and bus parks. He added, "We have tried to make it look more like a bus shelter."

The critics were not satisfied. The proprietor of a local store denounced the scheme as "sheer vandalism" which would "reduce my trade and the class of customer I serve." Another objector denounced it as "desecration." The town's High Bailiff rumbled his august consternation at the idea of those other offices being grouped together with a bus shelter. "The combination is repugnant," he thundered.

But perhaps the weightiest objection was advanced by a member of the Rural Council who thought the building would be difficult

to control, because two authorities, the Rural and the Parish Councils would be jointly in charge. Here surely is the heart of the matter, the licence that follows on failure of the two authorities to agree on their respective spheres of influence; the feasting and carousal, the fountain of wine installed in the market place, the dancing in the streets, and finally the disorders, the ministerial crisis, stern measures to restore order and troops billeted in the town. It would never do.

People sometimes complain of the lack of toilet facilities on our main roads. But as you can see a solution is not easy to achieve.

SIDELIGHT ON A LOAN FOR THE EXCHEQUER

I AM ALWAYS DEPRESSED WHEN I HAVE TO tax my car or renew my driving licence. Those endless questions and the small type reciting the dire penalties prescribed for the slightest lapse in the clerical work are a grim reminder that the use of a motor vehicle is fundamentally an anti-social activity, barely tolerated by law, and one which is bound to land you in trouble sooner or later. Yet even these forbidding forms are not enough to satisfy the dedicated bureaucrat.

A couple of years ago I had to renew my driving licence at a time when I had no permanent address in Great Britain, so in answer to question 4 (a) I wrote "None" as directed, read note (C) as instructed and wrote in space 4 (b) as required; the name and address of a person through whom I could be traced at any time. Alas, it was not enough. I then received a further form which required me to give a solemn undertaking that I would keep the named person informed of my whereabouts at all times.

Now I recalled that not long before, a gentleman with the true stuff of free men in

It probably never occurred to you that by the simple expenditure of a modest copper coin you might be bringing ruin to local tradesmen, driving their families on to public assistance and contributing to the breakdown of local government.

Of course one can sympathize with the citizens of Northleach, who see themselves being overwhelmed by hordes of trippers, even if their plight is not yet as desperate as that of Bourton-on-the-Water, whose life becomes a misery every summer weekend. The trouble is that there are far too many people crammed into this small island.

him had proved that the tax authorities had no statutory right to inquire whether one possessed a car radio before selling an excise licence for the car, and had caused the offending question to be removed from the application forms. I therefore inquired by what statutory right the licensing authority required me to fill in this extra form. Back came the bold reply; they had no right at all, but they hoped I would comply in order to facilitate the work of the department. Now I am allergic to anything which facilitates further encroachments on personal freedom, especially if it involves filling in unnecessary forms. I did not sign. But I got my driving licence.

Because I come late in the alphabet I am not yet among those who have to hand over 15s. for three-year driving licences. Why are these regarded as such a boon for the motorist? It simply means that one has to lend the government 10s. free of interest for the first year and 5s. for the second year. Multiply that by 8.3 million licence holders, and it makes a profitable Exchequer deal.

The driver who fell ill or whose car was laid up or under repair could let an annual licence lapse and renew it when needed; now we shall have licences running whether we need them or not. And what happens if a motorist dies, or sells his car? More profit for the Exchequer.

Besides the cash gain for the government there is a great saving in clerical costs, yet the fee for replacement of a lost or defaced licence has gone up from 1s. to half-a-crown. And the people who are supposed to look after the motorists' interests present the scheme as a pure gain for the driver!

The Bianchina coupé—luxurious version of the Fiat 500—is now imported in small numbers by Fiat (England) Ltd. The price is £766 7s. 0d.



Northleach
—a question of
convenience





ROSE

PAINTINGS

IN BOOKS

*Below: Golden Mainz by Dorothea MacLagan, an illustration from *The Rose Book*—Golden Wedding gift to Sir Winston & Lady Churchill from their children. The book is now on exhibition in the United States and Canada. Left: Michèle Meilland, from *The Rose in Britain* by N. P. Harvey (Souvenir Press Ltd., 25s.)*



BOOKS I AM READING

Champagne on a sunny morning

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

SURPRISED AND DELIGHTED to find a novel that is not about the-agony-of-it-all, or the-impossibility-of-communication-between-persons, or where-are-we-all-going-what-does-it-all-mean, I take pleasure in recording the fun I had reading P. B. Abercrombie's new book, *The Little Difference* (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.). This wild, delectable, sweet-toothed comedy seems to have been written purely for pleasure, the sort of holiday I wish intelligent writers would give themselves more often.

Not since Flora Poste has there been a cooler, calmer, more delicious heroine than Miss Abercrombie's Vivian Mudge—a knockout young woman who is (rather mysteriously) the daughter of a postman who has emigrated to Canada. Miss Mudge abandons modelling for teaching in the Bardley Freedom School, a gruesome vegetarian establishment long on principles and short on sex. For months I have not found in fiction a girl more fondly

loved, more cosseted by her author. Miss Mudge has gold hair, beautiful brown arms, a freebooting Bohemian existence, great gallons of worldly poise, and a way with men.

When she walks down the road, men bump into things and temporarily lose their minds. She collects a gorgeous rustic gallant called Dennis, whose vowel-sounds are northern but who is passionate in the hay-loft and makes her straw and ivy bracelets. She adds him to a tally which includes a smooth and silky three-times-married publisher called Garnett Hatfull, who takes her to Covent Garden and dinner at the White Tower.

The Freedom School, with its awful principals and weird staff, is wildly, cruelly funny; so is Mr. Hatfull's literary world. This is full of farcical parties at which revolvers are fired, fake travellers who write books, and a poor little latter-day Amanda

Ros who lives in a dream of purple romance and puts it all into a Hatfull book. Part of the enjoyment of Miss Abercrombie's novel is the bitchy way in which she is beastly to the girls whom nobody wants, and gives all the prizes to the ones wanted by everyone.

It is all like a wish-fulfilment dream enjoyed by an intelligent, witty and worldly third-year female undergraduate, a Cinderella story for 1959 with malice and sex and some dotty farce thrown in. It is chic without ever being boring or silly. The only regret I had was that Miss Mudge should be thrown to Mr. Hatfull, who seemed to me something of an elegant stick in spite of his velvety drawl and his built-in talent for gracious living. Still, he was what she wanted; and he gets his fair share of ironic back-handers from Miss Abercrombie, as does everyone except that golden, smashing heroine. It is all as enjoyable as a glass of champagne in the middle of a sunny morning when you ought to be working, and I liked it.

All I have the courage to say about Arthur Koestler's new and enormous book, *The Sleepwalkers* (Hutchinson, 25s.) is that it is hypnotically readable. It had me gazing entranced upon such diagrams as the Egg-Shaped Orbit of Mercury According to Ptolemy and convincing myself, at the time, that I had the hang of the thing. The book is about the zig-zag course of scientific discovery and man's understanding of the

nature of the universe. It is also an inquiry into "the obscure workings of the creative mind." Mr. Koestler's explorations are based on facts and knowledge which are wholly outside my ken. But when he is writing about the scientists themselves—particularly about Johannes Kepler—there is no mistaking the positively Ancient Mariner glitter with which he enthalls. The book seems to me to end with remarkable abruptness with the publication of Newton's *Principia* in 1687 ("at this point our narrative of man's changing vision of the universe must end"—a rather brisk full stop at the end of more than 500 pages)—and thence jumps into an epilogue assembling the argument of the entire book.

Throughout *The Sleepwalkers*, I was filled with the sort of incredulous, enjoyable amazement afforded by circus performers who juggle with fragile china while tip-toeing about on a high wire. Mr. Koestler thinks so keenly and knows so much. This is not at all to say that he vaingloriously blinds the lay reader with science. Indeed the book most gratifyingly appears to assume that the whole business can be grasped, with a little concentration, by someone like myself, who feels apprehensive at the thought of a right-angled triangle. But all the same—what an astonishing man, one thinks a little fearfully, closing the book and pausing for breath.

Mr. Longfellow (Peter Owen, 25s.) is a selection from the journals and letters of Fanny Appleton Longfellow, edited by Edward Wagenknecht. Fanny Longfellow was evidently beautiful. She was also lively, vivacious, affectionate, and a domesticated darling, with her share of tragedy and a fearful and shocking death. I found her most agreeable company in these documents, touching, fresh and without any sort of artifice. It's impossible not to love someone who visits Holyrood, is properly awed, and opens her journal-entry with an awful mix-up of some lines from *Richard II*, adding reverently "as Shakespeare magnificently says and I badly quote."

Briefly: *Make My Bed* by Nathaniel Burt (Gollancz, 15s.) is an immensely readable American novel, told in the person of one of those cool, interested, casual American dons whose wives are always pregnant and who seem to me to keep cropping up in contemporary fiction. It is about how beautiful blue-eyed Prue couldn't decide between Butch (wrestler and music-lover) and Horace, a curly-headed muscular dreamboat who ought to turn out to be the mostest for glamour in this year's fiction. I didn't find any of them particularly interesting characters, and I am still puzzled why I was so concerned with their muddled lives; except that Mr. Burt writes so cunningly (English meaning of the word) and is so agile at conveying the confusions of the young. . . . *The Book Of Unusual Quotations* by Rudolf Flesch (Cassell, 25s.) is odd and intriguing—the publishers reckon it to be invaluable for people preparing articles or speeches, which is a touch daunting, but one sees what they mean. Some of the authors quoted seem to me unusual too, and I look forward to one day writing an article beginning "Most of our problems are test questions," as Henry S. Haskins so rightly remarked, or "Let there be spaces in your togetherness," said Kahlil Gibran." That ought to shake 'em.

RECORDS

I say this music will live

by GERALD LASCELLES

NO ONE IS more delighted than I to welcome in Britain a genuine link with the past—George Lewis and his Ragtime Band. For clarinet player Lewis this is not his first experience of British audiences—he completed a successful tour without his band early in 1958. Ken Colyer's strictly traditional group then provided the background. Colyer himself spent some months in New Orleans a few years ago, meeting all the venerable characters who provided the backbone of jazz in its infancy. He even managed to sit in and blow the cornet with one or two local bands, much to the horror of the American Musicians' Union! It is fitting therefore that Colyer's band plays opposite the Lewis group on their present tour.

A glance at the names of the men who have come over with George shows that they are all steeped with the tradition of their music. One startling point is that the average age of the band is about 65. It seems that no youngsters can be recruited into the ranks of the traditional bands nowadays, American youth being sold on the hipsterism of modern jazz. Trumpeter Kid Howard started life as a drummer, earning a dollar a night. At 51 he is the youngest member of the band, admires all the great trumpeters regardless of style, and still blows everything the way he wants to. He thinks that musicians in New Orleans work as hard as they did in the old days.

Trombonist Jim Robinson started work as a guitarist, changed to trombone at the age of 24, and is now 67. He is not a great soloist, but proves to be one of the mainstays of the band through his fine contribution to the ensemble. That "togetherness," which is the hallmark of all the best traditional bands, is something worth hearing. I doubt whether you will hear roof-raising solos, but that swinging, slightly brassy sound will set your feet tapping.

Another legendary figure is bass

player Alcide "Slow Drag" Pavageau, of whom a critic once wrote "... he really plays his bass fiddle as if he was making love to it!" His warm tone resounds through the rhythm section, completed by that exciting and unconventional pianist Joe Robichaux, and drummer Joe Watkins. George Lewis is one of the finest New Orleans-styled clarinetists alive today. He encompasses warmth of tone with subtle innuendo, to lead one of the most tasteful and effective traditional bands playing in the contemporary jazz scene.

My friends sometimes indulge in a little quiet leg-pulling at my expense, knowing my firm adherence to traditions in jazz styles. My readers are probably exasperated by my persistent harping on the same subject. The fact remains that the music which was born in New Orleans has survived the test of time, and not all its exponents have sacrificed their artistry in the quest for commercial gain.

It has been suggested that many of the great jazzmen who headed the exodus from the South after the first World War were the showmen—the men who cashed in on the stories of band-cutting contests and played up to audiences by this and other showy means. I do not subscribe fully to this theory, but there can be little argument that the nucleus of musicians who stayed behind, even giving up their music to take other jobs, have returned to the fray when public demand existed, retaining the intrinsic character of their style.

I accept the fact that jazz has overflowed into commercial music to such an extent that most people find it hard to draw the line where one ends and the other begins. No one could hear the uncompromising approach of the George Lewis band without realizing that this is jazz. I predict that this music will live, and that in 20 or 50 years' time it will be their work, and not that of the bulk of contemporary modernists, which will be referred to in discussions about jazz.

SELECTED RECORDS

GEORGE LEWIS	In Hi-Fi 12-in. L.P.	Vogue LAE12059 £1 18s. 3d.
GEORGE LEWIS	George Lewis' Ragtime Band 12-in. L.P.	Tempo TAP13 £1 18s. 3d.
DUKE ELLINGTON	E.P.	R.C.A. RCX1006 12s. 10½d.
JAMES P. JOHNSON	E.P.	Tempo EXA65 13s. 7d.
LONNIE JOHNSON	E.P.	Parlophone GEP8693 11s. 1½d.
BUNNY BERIGAN	E.P.	R.C.A. RCX1005 12s. 10½d.

CINEMA

The man who loved elephants

by ELSPETH GRANT



Eva Bartok, star of *Operation Amsterdam* (reviewed here). The picture was taken when she was on location in the Dutch capital

YIELDING to no one in my admiration for Mr. Trevor Howard and wholeheartedly applauding all propaganda for the prevention of cruelty to elephants (or any other animal), I still found Mr. John Huston's film, *The Roots Of Heaven*, disappointing. I have not read the novel by Mr. Romain Gary on which it is based so I do not know whether the author or Mr. Patrick Leigh-Fermor, his collaborator on the screenplay, is responsible for the arguments put forward; that elephants are the last great free race, that we should not slaughter them because "man needs all the friends he can have in these times," and that if we do we are, in some obscure way, precipitating the day when we shall all be wiped out, by H-bomb.

It may indeed be for reasons such as these that the dedicated Mr. Howard, stern-lipped and rather wild-eyed, goes campaigning for the preservation of elephants in French Equatorial Africa—but somehow they do not sound convincing. The poor creatures are apparently being killed off at the rate of 30,000 a year in that territory alone, which is surely reason enough to advocate their protection. Mr. Howard is at his most persuasive when he protests furiously "You can't destroy a whole race just to keep man supplied with billiard balls and paper-knives!"—and makes the point (made by a superb documentary film, *No Room For Wild Animals*) that soon the only elephants left will be those in zoos.

As long as Mr. Howard talks sense, I am very much on his side. So, whether he does or not, are Mlle. Juliette Greco, in the part of a French tart whose wartime experiences incline her to prefer animals to people, and Mr. Errol Flynn, rollicking through the rôle of a drunken renegade Englishman whose only friend is a Mexican jumping bean, name of Toto. Strongly in opposition are the ivory traders and poachers, the big-game-hunting tourists and the French authorities.

Mr. Orson Welles, a TV personality, though peppered with buckshot by Mr. Howard while on safari, sees a good story in Mr. Howard's gallant crusade—and gives it to the world in a gloriously glib and snide telecast. Every newspaper sends a reporter to follow up the drama, the number of Mr. Howard's supporters swells, his exploits grow bolder—and eventually the French military are ordered to arrest him.

After an ugly battle with ivory poachers in which Mr. Flynn is killed, Mr. Howard decides to give himself up. The most moving scene in a picture that should have stirred one all along is the one when Mr. Howard, exhausted and sand-caked, is allowed by the local military man to pass unmolested—and trudges off into the distance, presumably to some outpost of uncivilization where, one

can only hope, the elephants will look after him as fondly as the birds looked after the Babes in the Wood.

Mr. Howard is, I think, incapable of giving a bad performance. Mlle. Greco, in whom we have previously seen temperament and character fairly seething, looks remarkably blank and makes little impression of any kind. Mr. Paul Lucas, representing the French authorities, gives a fine performance and M. Gregoire Aslan is wonderfully happy in the rôle of a laughing cynic. Mr. Eddie Albert is good value as an energetic American press photographer—though it's hard to believe he would throw away his cameras when he espouses Mr. Howard's cause. Dammit, without pictorial publicity, where would the great crusade get to? Mr. Huston's off-hand (as it seems to me) direction rather implies that he didn't really care. Since Mr. Huston is notoriously a hunter, this was probably not his picture—and, except for a few felicitous moments, it wasn't really mine.

There is a limpid simplicity about *New Year's Sacrifice*—a film by the new China about the old China when the rich were grasping and heartless and the poor were miserably in the grip of tradition, superstition and extortionate moneylenders. Miss Pai Yang plays a poor young widow quite beautifully but has a shockingly unhappy time. Her mother-in-law sells her to a hard-working farmer who dies, her little son is eaten by a wolf, a wealthy family who employ her as a servant treat her abominably, and starvation and death are her lot.

Although this is a naive little film, it has been charmingly directed by Mr. Sang Hu, and the customs and ceremonies of a bygone age are presented quite fascinatingly. The English subtitles are clumsy and I would have preferred to do without them—and even to dispense with the dialogue, though it was touching to find that Chinese children address their parents as "Papa" and "Mama": as a silent film it would not have been so obviously a propaganda piece—and could have been enjoyed solely for its admirable acting and effective colour photography.

In *Operation Amsterdam* Messrs. Peter Finch, Tony Britton and Alexander Knox are sent to Holland, in May 1940, to bring back millions of pounds' worth of industrial diamonds which we particularly do not want to fall into the hands of the Germans. Amsterdam is packed with Fifth Columnists and German troops disguised as nuns, police and Dutch soldiers and there is a strong atmosphere (well conveyed) of tension and distrust—so it is quite understandable that Mr. Britton, the English major in charge of the operation, regards with considerable suspicion Miss Eva Bartok, a young Dutch woman who volunteers to help the trio achieve their objective. I rather suspected her of being up to no good but will leave you to judge for yourself; you will find this quite agreeable as she looks very handsome and enigmatic and gives as accomplished a performance as the male stars.

Miss Eartha Kitt and Mr. Sammy Davis, Jr., both of whom are madly successful singers, play straight in *Anna Lucasta*—a film which shows all too clearly its theatrical origin. Both work hard as the prostitute who tries to reform and her sailor lover who doesn't think she can—but maybe they should stick to their own line of country.

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

The Roots Of Heaven—Trevor Howard, Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Orson Welles, Eddie Albert. Directed by John Huston.

New Year's Sacrifice—Pai Yang. Directed by Sang Hu.

Operation Amsterdam—Peter Finch, Eva Bartok, Tony Britton, Alexander Knox. Directed by Michael McCarthy.

Anna Lucasta—Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, Jr., Frederick O'Neal, Henry Scott, Rex Ingram. Directed by Arnold Leven.

BEAUTY

To arrive refreshed

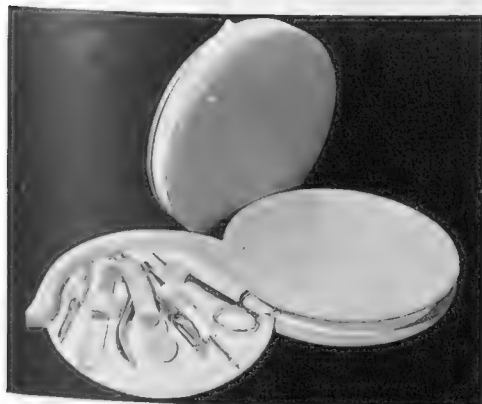
by JEAN CLELAND



The Buckingham Princess, a travel electric shaver, is sold in a handy case (£6 6s.). Leading stores



Pack-happy manicure sets: Above, a wedge-shaped case in yellow and black or red and black leather (67s. 6d. complete). Below, a slim case in red and white (67s. 6d. complete). Woollands



"SHE ALWAYS TRAVELS so beautifully," said a friend of an elegant woman, who arrived at her destination looking fresh and immaculate after a long and tedious journey.

To do this requires skill and forethought. For, as a well-known cosmopolitan remarked, "To travel beautifully, you must travel comfortably." It is impossible to look fresh and rested unless one has ready to hand those things by which one can ease strain, lessen fatigue, and renew the looks.

Some of the world's top beauty experts are continually commuting between one country and another, by road, sea and air. Faced with the necessity for looking their best on arrival, they have brought the whole thing to a fine art. I found their views interesting. They varied according to what each individual thought was of greatest importance to easy and beautiful travel.

Comfort came high on the list. "If I am to be on the top of my form after a long journey," said one, "I must be able to have a doze at odd moments *en route*, even if I am sitting upright in a car. To facilitate this, I always carry a couple of travelling cushions. One, which goes behind my neck or my head, is so small that deflated it folds into a little envelope, and goes into my bag. The other for my back is soft and light to carry. When necessary I can put it in my suitcase, and lay it flat on the top without crushing things underneath."

Another expert, said "the thing I dread, cold hands and feet especially when travelling by car. I therefore take a small mohair rug which I can put round my feet when sitting, or my shoulders when walking, and a little hand-warmer, which, when not in use, can be carried easily in my handbag."

One woman, whose beautifully dressed hair always makes her look as though she has just stepped out of a band-box, was naturally concerned with ways and means of keeping hair well groomed while travelling. "I always carry a little tube of reconditioning cream," she said. "Just a spot rubbed on to

the comb from the palm of my hand and run through my hair every day, or every other day, keeps it shining and sleek. I also take one of the soft hair sprays, that acts like a fine net. As my hair is inclined to be dry, I prefer one that contains lanoline. Into my beauty case goes a small bottle of sal volatile, to rub on my scalp on a hot day. You have no idea how wonderfully cooling and refreshing this is. It makes your whole head feel as good as new."

Said a specialist in manicure and hand beauty, "I am more grateful than I can say for the delightful little folding manicure sets you get nowadays, specially made for travel. They are so compact, you can re-do your nails in a jiffy, and arrive with your hands looking as though you had just left your dressing-table; especially if you also have with you a little tube of hand cream."

"Freshness" took an important place with most of the experts, who were full of praise for the solid colognes and lavenders, all of which, in stick form, can be carried so easily; also for the little handbag perfumiers, and for the "stick" deodorants, which cannot spill when packed. Small travelling shaving sets, for use under the arms, also came in for general approval.

Something on which all were agreed was the necessity for carrying a beauty case, so that everything necessary for renewing the face could be kept together and all ready to hand. Paper tissues were a *must*, since they can be used not only for removing make-up, but for a variety of other things. In addition to a big packet, everyone advocated a small handbag size for convenience.

As regards make-up and the need for cleansing and re-doing *en route*, most preferred a liquid cleanser for quickness, and a liquid or semi-liquid foundation as the longest lasting and best for holding powder and keeping the skin matt. Stress was laid on the need for using long-lasting lipsticks, and more than one suggested Helena Rubinstein's "Mascaramatic" as the easiest way of dealing with the eyelashes while travelling.



SHOPPING

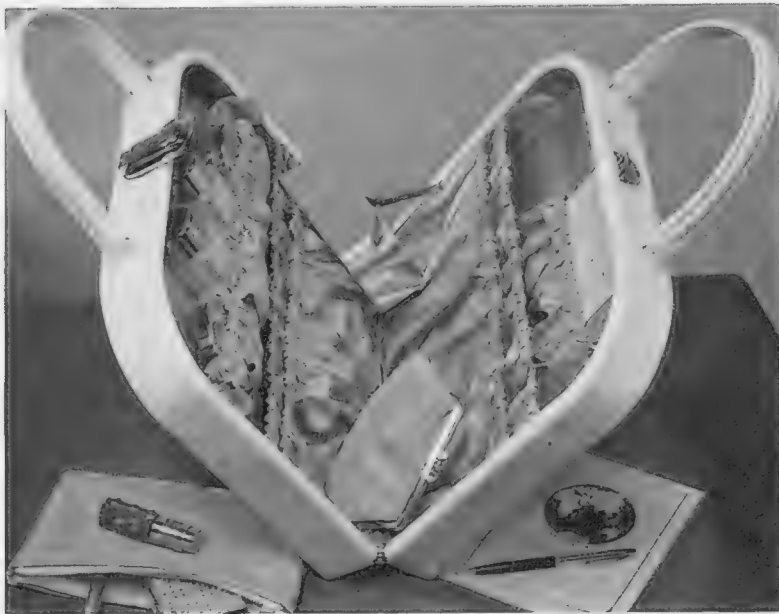
Traveller's choice

by JEAN STEELE

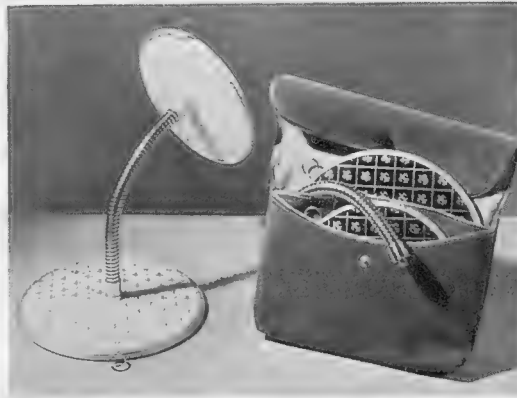


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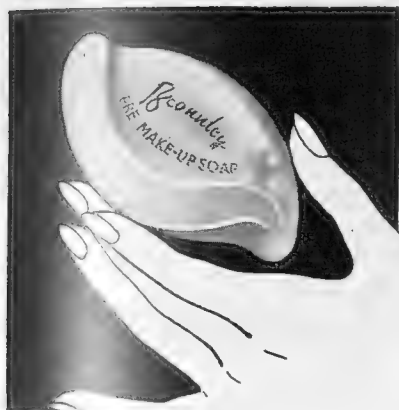
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DINING OUT

New in Knightsbridge

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

A RECENTLY OPENED restaurant is The Bridge—at 25 Basil Street, behind Harrod's in Knightsbridge. This is a comfortable establishment with good service, good food and a short but adequate wine list. To reserve a table telephone Kensington 1723.

I tried one of their specialities—Hot Creamed Morecambe Shrimps on Toast—which was excellent at 7s. 6d., and followed it with half a roast Norfolk Duckling at 15s. 6d. (without the orange, because I like to taste the duck and not the orange).

I could have started with an Omelette Arnold Bennett at 10s. 6d. This appears to be an omelette with a filling of chopped-up smoked salmon.

On inquiry as to who was behind this venture and why it was called The Bridge, I was told that it belonged to the owners of The Bridge Inn at Walshford in Yorkshire, three miles north of Wetherby on the Great North Road, long a gastronomic shrine in that part of the world. I remember it from my last visit, nearly two years ago, as a small picturesque inn providing first-class cuisine and wine at fairly high prices. It's always very full, so if you want a table phone Wetherby 2345.

I visited for the first time, a small restaurant—La Fantasque—at 20 Connaught Street, a turning off Edgware Road. This has been owned and directed by the Baroness Pongracz for over two years. Born and bred in Vienna she has lived in England for more than twenty years.

Although she describes the cuisine as international, which it certainly is, it is obvious that many of the specialities are Hungarian. If it's

very special, the Baroness will prepare it herself.

On my first visit I had Vienna Lentil Soup (without Frankfurter) at 2s. 6d., followed by a Rump Steak "Fantasque" (Flambé au Cognac), at 12s. 6d., the steak being stuffed with a paté made from chicken and calves' liver. At present there is no licence, but you can bring your own wine or they will send out for it (no corkage charge). Some people visit the place so regularly that they bring a case and use it as required. The telephone number is Paddington 0359.

From small but charming restaurants to a great hotel, the one and only Claridge's, to meet the newly-appointed maitre chef des cuisines, M. Marceau Francoul, who was born in 1910 at Bargemon in the Department of Vars in France.

He comes to Claridge's from the Savoy Hotel where he has been for nearly 25 years. He joined the team that was immortalized by Arnold Bennett in his novel *Imperial Palace* and went to the Savoy as a result of meeting François Latry, on holiday from the Savoy, who happened to be lunching at the Hotel Splendid in Aix les Bains. He was looking for a Chef Saucier and engaged Francoul on the spot.

Previous to this Francoul had much experience at such grand hotels as the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, the Carlton at Cannes, the Royal at Deauville, etc.

His particular belief is that "the dishes should be garnished but not overdone."

I found him a gay and jovial person, which must be a great help in solving the endless problems which face the maitre chef of a hotel like Claridge's.

DINING IN

When in Rome, take a note

by HELEN BURKE

EACH YEAR, after holiday time, readers write describing some special dish they enjoyed in, say, Austria, France, Portugal, Spain or Switzerland, and they ask me to give the recipe. Sometimes, the details are so clear that I can spot the dish quite easily. Often, however, one savoury or sweet is confused with another.

Many of us are capable of picking up a recipe just by looking at and tasting a dish. By setting down our impressions at the time, we can try it out at home on our return. In the stationery departments of the stores, we can buy thumb-indexed books of recipes, under all headings. I suggest, therefore, that folk going on holiday, especially on the Continent, even farther afield, take one of these along with them and jot down the dishes they enjoy, together with the recipes. In such a way, you can build up a more than everybody's personal *repertoire de la cuisine*.

A request came to me for the recipe for a clear soup—"probably chicken consommé with some interesting custardy flakes in it, which we enjoyed in Rome." This was, of course, *Stracciatella*, a delicious soup. It can be made from the by-product, as it were, of another dish. In this case, I would suggest Chicken Pudding, as the weather calls for warming foods. Boiling chickens have plenty of flavour and are reasonably priced.

For the pudding, for five to six servings, you require a not-too-old boiler, about six oz. lean pork, four to five oz. boiled ham cut in one slice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. button mushrooms, suet pastry and seasoning. Ask the poulterer to disjoint the chicken. It will then be much easier to remove the meat from the carcass and the major joints.

Pass the meat through flour seasoned with pepper, salt, a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg and a teaspoon of finely chopped parsley. Sprinkle with a dessertspoon of sherry (this is by no means essential), or add the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of grated lemon rind. Cut the pork and ham into strips and season them, too.

Make your usual suet crust pastry, using (as I prefer) self-raising flour. Line a largish basin with it, reserving enough for the top. Place half the chicken pieces in the basin, fit the washed unpeeled mushrooms and the strips of pork and ham around them and place the remaining pieces of chicken on top. Pour in enough cold water almost to come through. Damp the edges of the pastry, place the remaining piece on top and pinch the two together.

Cover with foil or double buttered greaseproof paper, then if you like a cloth, but this is not essential. Stand on a trivet in a pan with boiling water reaching at least halfway up the sides of the basin and boil for 3 to 3½ hours.

Meanwhile, place the carcass and other bones in a pan with the giblets (except the liver), skinned feet, a few extra necks from the poulterer, if possible, a small piece of leg beef cut into strips, a sliced onion, carrot and stalk of celery, and pepper and salt to taste. Cover well with water, put on the lid and simmer while the pudding cooks.

When the first wedge of the pudding is cut out, add a little of the strained stock to the basin and stir it around to mix it with the gravy already there.

Now for the *Stracciatella* for another meal. Strain the stock from the carcass, etc., and leave it to become cold. It will then be easier to remove even the thin fat (keep this for other dishes). Bring this consommé to the boil.

For 1½ to 2 pints of it, mix together one egg, two tablespoons fresh breadcrumbs, 1 to 1½ tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Work about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup consommé into this mixture then whisk the lot into the boiling consommé and continue to whisk vigorously until it almost boils again. Serve at once.

If you have any fine semolina, use a tablespoon of it instead of the breadcrumbs.

That leg beef need not be wasted. Lightly fry a chopped onion in a walnut of butter. Add the chopped raw chicken liver and cook for about five minutes, then stir in the chopped cooked beef and heat it through. Now work in a small packet of beef or ox-tail soup powder. Add enough hot water to make a fairly thick gravy and cook further for the time directed on the packet.

This mixture would make a two-person shepherd's pie of remarkably good flavour, or use it to make pastry turn-overs which can be "stretched" by a layer of thinly sliced cold cooked potatoes in each.



Inside Beauty

Latest beauty bulletin from Helena Rubinstein

In these columns, I love to bring you news of all the latest ideas in skin-care and make-up. Those of you having a dry skin will find it of special interest!

* * *

THE MOST IMPORTANT PART of any beauty routine is thorough *cleansing*. That's why it's so essential to use a cleanser that goes deep down, searches out every speck of dirt and make-up. If your skin is at all dry (and it probably is in *this* weather!) you'll need my Pasteurized Face Cream Special. It literally melts away all signs of flakiness and tightness, leaves your skin clean, fresh, soft as a whisper.

* * *

IF YOUR SKIN FEELS DEHYDRATED it's time you knew about Skin Dew. Skin Dew is a remarkable new beauty discovery from my Paris laboratories. It is a fragrant pink lotion that is delightful to use and indispensable for that fresh young look.

Skin Dew sinks deep into the skin's under layers to replace moisture. It is instantly absorbed without a trace of grease. Wonderful as a foundation under make-up too!

* * *

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE... This is the time of year that you and your skin need an uplift! And this means my Contour-Lift Film. It 'lifts' and tones the skin, makes your neck firmer, younger. Those little tired lines will vanish, and even *crêpiness* will smooth out. Contour-Lift Film isn't just good for your skin—it's good for your morale, too!

* * *

THE LUMINOUS LOOK IS NEWS. This new look is really lovely. It makes you look so much prettier, and so much younger than you've ever been before. You'll find that my Silk Tone Foundation Special and Silk Face Powder Special with its special moisturizing ingredients will give your skin this dewy look, and that you will *stay* looking lovely right through the day! That's because this make-up is made from *real silk*, to cling closely to your skin, to flatter it always with its soft, luminous glow.

* * *

WATCH YOUR BEAUTY BORN ANEW with my revolutionary new Skin Life Turgosmon. The name—Skin Life—exactly describes the treatment! They are the first youth-action preparations which *condition* your skin as they are applied so that your cells *absorb* vitalising nourishment. Youthfulness is restored as natural oil secretions increase.

Your skin becomes 'plumped out' again—looks years younger! Results are quicker if you use the complete Skin Life treatment (Cream, Liquid Cleanser, Foundation and Mask) but each preparation can be used on its own.

* * *

YOUR LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES! This is my new look of enchantment—a whole new make-up range, designed especially for you. First of all, there's creamy Bed of Roses Silk Tone Foundation Special—smooth as a rose petal. Then Silk Face Powder Special to flatter your skin with its soft rosy glow.

And finally, the most exciting news of all—Bed of Roses Lipstick! It's an utterly fabulous colour—a bright breathtaking red, with just a whisper of pink! You'll love the Bed of Roses look!

* * *

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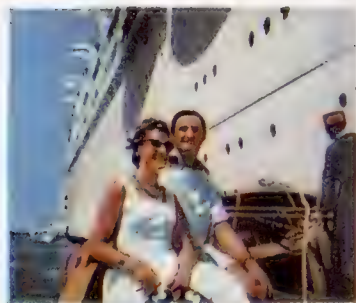
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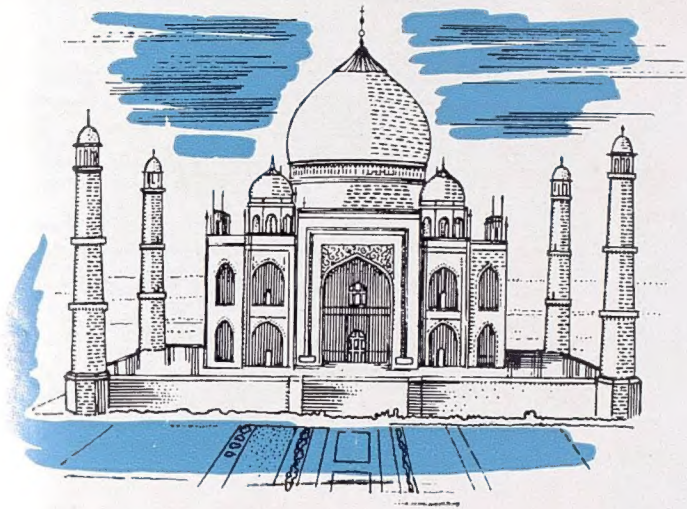
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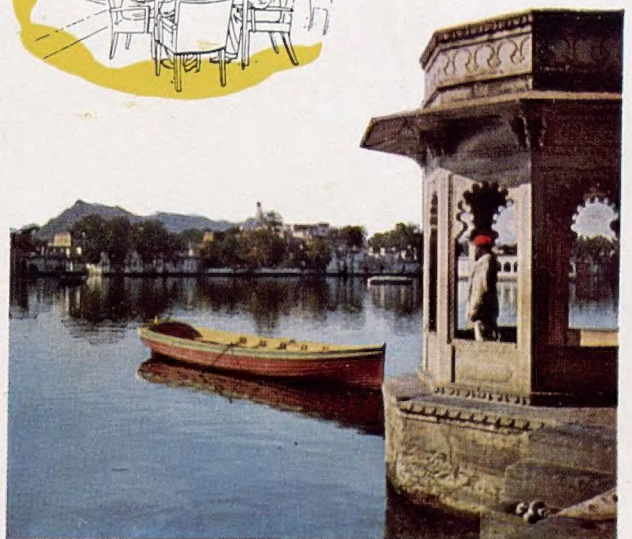


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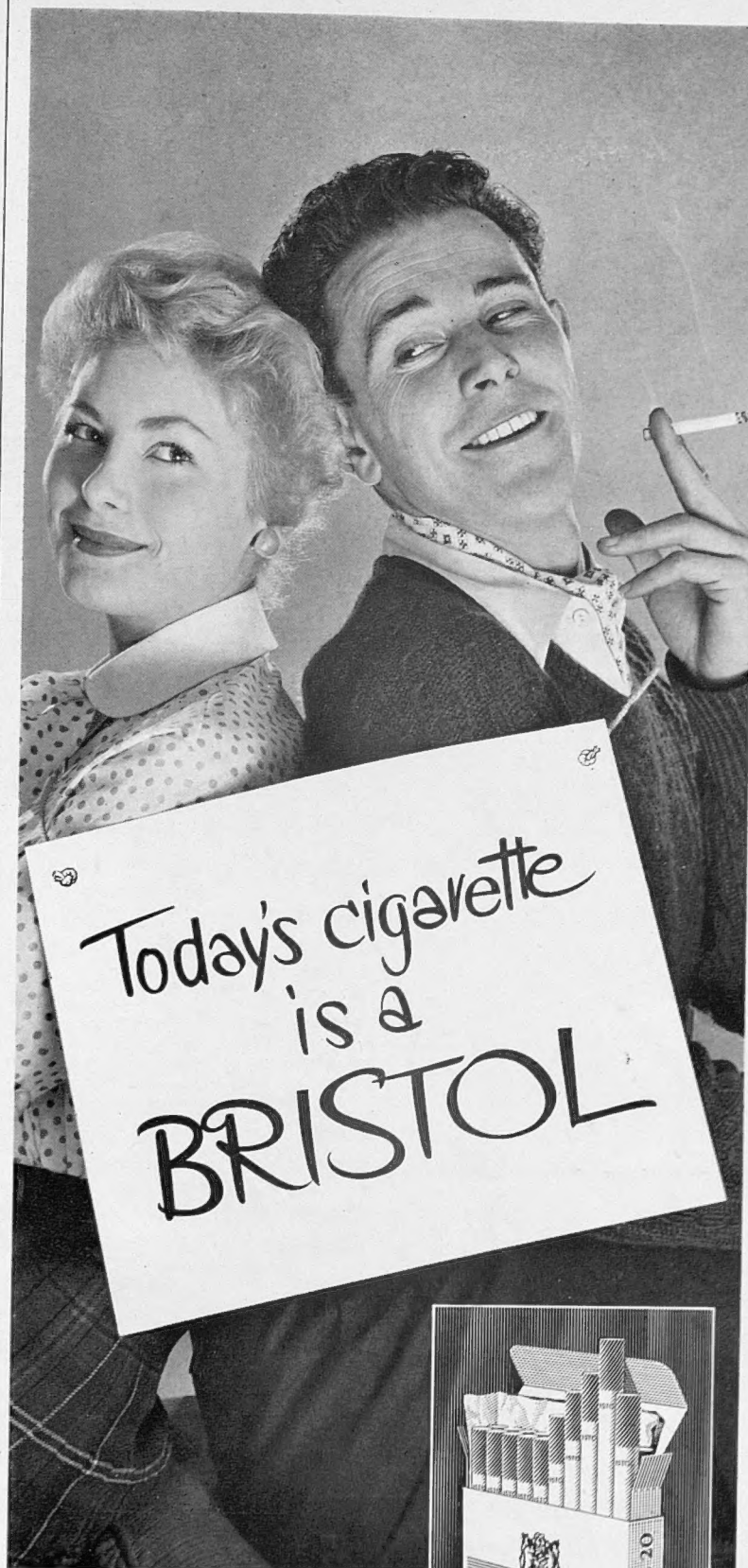
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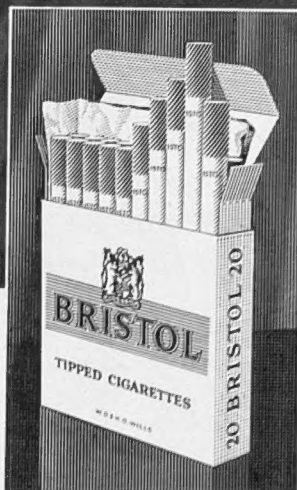
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